

THE RELAPSE;

OR,

Virtue in Danger:

Being the Sequel of

The Fool in Fashion,

COMEDY.

ACTED AT

The THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane.

By the Author of a late COMEDY, call'd,
The Provok'd Wife.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. B. and Sold by R. Wellington, at the
Lute, in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1698.

**Lately Published, The History of Polybius the Megalopolitan; containing a General Account of the Transactions of the whole World, but principally of the Roman People, during the First and Second Punic Wars. Translated by Sir Henry Sherris, and Mr. Dryden. In Three Volumes: The Third Volume never before Printed.*

**Lately Published, Mr. Laffai's Travels in and thro' Italy: In Two Parts. Giving an Exact Description of that Country, and all that is remarkable as to the People; as also of the Interest of the Princes: With Instructions concerning Travel. The Second Edition; much Enlarged.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Cibber.	Sir Novelty Fashion, newly created Lord Foppington.
Mrs. Kent.	Young Fashion his Brother.
Mr. Verbruggen.	Loveless, Husband to Amanda.
Mr. Powell.	Worthy, a Gentleman of the Town.
Mr. Bullock.	Sir Tunbilly Chancey, a Countrey Gentleman.
Mr. Mills.	Sir John Friendly his Neighbour.
Mr. Johnson.	Coupler, a Match-maker.
Mr. Simson.	Bull, Chaplain to Sir Tunbilly.
Mr. Haynes.	Serringe, a Surgeon.
Mr. Dogget.	Lory, Servant to Young Fashion. Shoe-maker, Taylor, Perriwig- maker, &c.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Rogers.	Amanda, Wife to Loveless.
Mrs. Verbruggen.	Berrinthia, her Cousin, a young Widow.
Mrs. Cross.	Miss Hoyden, a great Fortune, Daughter to Sir Tunbilly.
Mrs. Powell.	Nurse, her Gouvernant.

THE P R E F A C E.

TO go about to excuse half the Defects this Abortive Brat is come into the World with, wou'd be to provoke the Town with a long useless Preface; when 'tis, I doubt, sufficiently sour'd already, by a tedious Play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a Repenting Sinner) confess, it wants every thing—but Length; and, in that, I hope the severest Critique will be pleas'd to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my Modesty will sure atone for every thing, when the World shall know it is so great. I am even to this Day insensible of those two shining Graces in the Play (which some part of the Town is pleas'd to complement me with) Blasphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find 'em out. If there was any obscene Expressions upon the Stage, here they are in the Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a Syllable, that cou'd (tho' by racking of Mysteries) be rang'd under that Head; and yet, I believe, with a steady Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but when she has read it impartially over in her Closet, will find it so innocent, she'll think it no Affront to her Prayer-book, to lay it upon the same Shelf. So to them (with all manner of Deference) I entirely refer my Cause; and, I'm confident, they'll justify me, against those Pretenders to good Manners, who, at the same time, have so little Respect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a Bawdy Jest from an Ejaculation, to put 'em out of Countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred Persons always my Enemies, since I'm sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough, to make 'em my Friends.

The PREFACE.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pac'd ones I mean, with screw'd Faces and wry Mouths) I despair of them, for they are Friends to no body. They love nothing, but their Altars and Themselves. They have too much Zeal to have any Charity: they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine; and are as quarrelsome in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink; so I hope no body will mind what they say. But if any Man (with flat plod Shooes, a little Band, greasie Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiser than I, at the expence of being Forty Years older) happens to be offended at a Story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Priest and a Bull-dog, I beg his Pardon with all my Heart, which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my Words, and making this Publick Recantation. I do therefore, for his Satisfaction, acknowledge, I Ly'd, when I said, They never quit their Hold; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have seen 'em forc'd to it, more than once; but next time I'll speak with more Caution and Truth; and only say, they have very good Teeth.

If I have offended any honest Gentleman of the Town, whose Friendship or good Word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they'll correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other Design, in running a very great Risque, than to divert (if possible) some part of their Spleen, in spite of their Wives and their Taxes.

One Word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the first Night this thing was Acted, some Indecencies had like to have happen'd, but 'twas not my Fault.

The fine Gentleman of the Play, drinking his Mistresses Health in *Nants* Brandy, from Six in the Morning, to the time he waddled on upon the Stage in the Evening, had toasted himself up to such a pitch of Vigor, I confess I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and am since (with all due Respect to Mrs. Rogers) very sorry she escap'd; for I am confident a certain Lady, (let no one take it to her self that's handsom) who highly blames the Play, for the Barrenness of the Conclusion, wou'd then have allow'd it, a very natural Clofe.

First PROLOGUE. Spoken by Miss Cross.

LADIES, this Play in too much haste was writ,
 To be o'ercharg'd with either Plot or Wit;
 'Twas Got, Conceived, and Born in Six Weeks space,
 And Wit, you know, 's as slow in Growth—as Grace.
 Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your Taste;
 I doubt 'twill prove, our Author bred too fast.
 For mark 'em well, who with the Muses marry,
 They rarely do Conceive, but they Miscarry.
 'Tis the hard Fate of those who are big with Rhime,
 Still to be brought to Bed before their time.
 Of our late Poets Nature few has made;
 The greatest part—are only so by Trade.
 Still want of something, brings the Scribbling Fit;
 For want of Money, some of 'em have Writ;
 And others do't, you see—for want of Wit.
 Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to Write,
 So out they lug in wresly Nature's Spight,
 As some of you, spruce Beaux, do—when you fight.
 Yet let the Ebb of Wit be ne'er so low,
 Some Glimpse of it a Man may hope to shew,
 Upon a Theme, so ample—as a Beau.
 So, howsoever true Courage may decay,
 Perhaps there's not one Smock-face here to day,
 But's bold as Cassar—to attack a Play.
 Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face,
 To do the thing with more Heroick Grace,
 'Tis six to four, 'y attack the strongest place.
 You are such Hotspurs in this kind of Venture,
 Where there's no Breach, just there you needs must enter.
 But be advis'd.
 E'n give the Hero and the Critique o'er,
 For Nature sent you on another score;
 She form'd her Beau, for nothing but her Whore.

PROLOGUE on the Third Day. Spoken
 by Mrs. Verbruggen.

A Polities for Plays, Experience shews,
 Are things almost as useless—as the Beaux.
 What e'er we say, (like them) we neither move,
 Your Friendship, Pity, Anger, nor your Love;

'Tis

PROLOGUE on the Third Day.

'Tis Interest turns the Globe : Let us but find
The way to please you, and you'll soon be kind :
But to expect, you'd for our Sakes approve,
Is just as tho' you for their Sakes shou'd Love;
And that, we do confess, we think a Task,
Which (though they may impose) we never ought to ask.

This is an Age, where all things we improve,
But, most of all, the Art of making Love.
In former Days, Women were only won
By Merit, Truth, and constant Service done,
But Lovers now are much more expert grown,
They seldom wait, t' approach, by tedious Form;
They're for Dispatch, for taking you by Storm;
Quick are their Sieges, furious are their Fires,
Fierce their Attacks, and boundless their Desires.
Before the Play's half ended, I'll engage
To shew you Beaux come crowding on the Stage,
Who with so little Pains have always sped,
They'll undertake to look a Lady dead.
How I have shook, and trembling stood with awe,
When here, behind the Scenes, I've seen 'em draw
—A Comb, that dead-doing Weapon to the Heart,
And turn each powder'd Hair into a Dart.
When I have seen 'em sally on the Stage,
Dress'd to the War, and ready to engage,
I've mourn'd your Destiny—yet more their Fate,
To think, that after Victories so great,
It shou'd so often prove their hard mishap
To sneak into a Lane—and get a Clap.
But hush, they're here already, I'll retire,
And leave 'em to the Ladies to admire.
They'll shew you Twenty Thousand Arts and Graces,
They'll entertain you with their soft Grimaces,
Their Snuff-box, aukward Boxes—and ugly Faces,
In short, they're after all, so much your Friends,
That lest the Play should fail, the Author ends,
They have resolv'd to make you some Amends.
Between each Act, (perform'd by nicest Rules)
They'll treat you—with an Interlude of Fools.
Of which, that you may have the deeper Sense,
The Entertainment's—at their own Expence.

(1)

THE
RELAPSE;
OR,
Virtue in Danger :
Being the Sequel of
The Fool in Fashion.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lovelace reading.

HOW true is that Philosophy, which says
Our Heaven is seated in our Minds !
Through all the roving Pleasures of my Youth,
(Where Nights and Days seem all consum'd in Joy,
Where the false Face of Luxury
Display'd such Charms,
As might have shaken the most Holy Hermit,
And made him totter at his Altar.)
I never knew one Moment's Peace like this.
Here----- in this little soft Retreat,
My Thoughts unbent from all the Cares of Life,
Content with Fortune,
Eas'd from the grating Duties of Dependence,
From Envy free, Ambition under Foot,

The

The RELAPSE; or,

The raging Flame of wild Destructive Lust
 Reduc'd to a warm pleasing Fire of lawful Love,
 My Life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter Amanda.

Lov. meeting her kindly. } How does the happy Cause of my Content, my dear
Amanda?

You find me musing on my happy State,
 And full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven, and You.

Am. Those grateful Offerings Heaven can't receive
 With more Delight than I do:
 Wou'd I cou'd share with it as well

The Dispensations of its Bliss,
 That I might search its choicest Favours out,
 And shower 'em on your Head for ever.

Lov. The largest Boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,
 To Things it has decreed shall crawl on Earth,
 Are in the Gift of Woman form'd like you,
 Perhaps, when Time shall be no more,
 When the aspiring Soul shall take its Flight,
 And drop this pondrous Lump of Clay behind it,
 It may have Appetites we know not of,
 And Pleasures as refin'd as its Desires——

But till that Day of Knowledge shall instruct me,
 The utmost Blessing that my Thought can reach

Taking her in his Arms.] Is folded in my Arms, and rooted in my Heart.

Am. There let it grow for ever.

Lov. Well said, *Amanda*—— let it be for ever——
 Wou'd Heaven grant that——

Am. Twere all the Heaven I'd ask.
 But we are clad in black Mortality, and the dark Curtain
 Of Eternal Night, at last must drop between us.

Lov. It must: that mournful Separation we must see,
 A bitter Pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful Taste,
 When Lovers are to swallow it.

Am. Perhaps, that Pain may only be my Lot,
 You possibly may be exempted from it; Men find out softer
 Ways to quench their Fires.

Lov. Can you then doubt my Constancy, *Amanda?*
 You'll find 'tis built upon a steady Basis——

The Rock of Reason now supports my Love,
 On which it stands so fix'd,
 The rudest Hurricane of wild Desire
 Would, like the Breath of a soft slumbering Babe,
 Pass by, and never shake it.

Am. Yet still 'tis safer to avoid the Storm;
 The strongest Vessels, if they put to Sea,

May possibly be lost.

Wou'd I could keep you here, in this calm Port, for ever!

Forgive the Weakness of a Woman,

I am uneasie at your going to stay so long in Town,

I know 'tis false insinuating Pleasures;

I know the Force of its Delusions;

I know the Strength of its Attacks;

I know the weak Defence of Nature;

I know you are a Man—— and I—— a Wife.

Lov. You know then all that needs to give you Rest,

For Wife's the strongest Claim that you can urge.

When you would plead your Title to my Heart,

On this you may depend; therefore be calm,

Banish your Fears, for they are Traytors to your Peace;

Beware of 'em, they are insinuating busy Things.

That gossip to and fro, and do a World of Mischiefs

Where they come: But you shall soon be Mistress of 'em all,

I'll aid you with such Arms for their Destruction,

They never shall erect their Heads again.

You know the Business is indispensable, that obliges

Me to go for *London*, and you have no Reason, that I

Know of, to believe that I'm glad of the Occasion;

For my honest Conscience is my Witness,

I have found a due Succession of such Charms

In my Retirement here with you,

I have never thrown one roving Thought that way;

But since, against my Will, I'm dragg'd once more

To that uneasie Theatre of Noise,

I am resolv'd to make such use on't,

As shall convince you, 'tis an old-cast Mistress

Who has been so lavish of her Favours,

She's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms,

And has not one Allurement left to move me.

Am. Her Bow, I do believe, is grown so weak,

Her Arrows (at this distance) cannot hurt you,

But in approaching 'em, you give 'em Strength;

The Dart that has not far to fly,

Will put the best of Armour to a dangerous Trial.

Lov. That Trial's past, and y're at Ease for ever;

When you have seen the Helmet prov'd,

You'll apprehend no more, for him that wears it.

Therefore to put a lasting Period to your Fears,

I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into Temptation,

I'll give you an Essay of all my Virtues.

My former boon Companions of the Bottle

Shall fairly try what Charms are left in Wine:

The RELAPSE; or,

I'll take my Place amongst 'em,
 They shall hem me in,
 Sing Praises to their God, and drink his Glory:
 Turn wild Enthusiasts for his sake,
 And Beasts to do him Honour,
 Whilst I a stubborn Atheist,
 Sullenly look on,
 Without one Reverend Glas to his Divinity:
 That for my Temperance,
 Then for my Constancy—

Am. Ay, there take heed.

Am. And yet my Fears are great.

Am. Because you are so bold.

Lov. My Courage shou'd disperse your Apprehensions.

Am. My Apprehensions shou'd allarm your Courage.

Lov. Fy, fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus to distrust me.

Am. And yet my Fears are founded on my Love.

Lov. Your Love then is not founded as it ought,

For if you can believe 'tis possible,
 I shou'd again relapse to my past Follies;

I must appear to you a thing,

Of such an undigested Composition,

That but to think of me with Inclination,

Wou'd be a Weakness in your Taste,

Your Virtue scarce cou'd answer.

Am. 'Twou'd be a Weakness in my Tongue;

My Prudence cou'd not answer,

If I shou'd press you farther with my Fears,

I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Lov. Nor shall they trouble you much longer,

A little time shall shew you they were groundless:

This Winter shall be the fiery Trial of my Virtue;

Which, when it once has past,

You'll be convinc'd, 'twas of no false Alay,

There all your Cares will end.

Am. ———— Pray Heaven they may.

[*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*]

S C E N E, Whitehall.

Enter Young Fashion, Lory and Waterman.

T.F. Come, pay the Waterman, and take the Portmantle.

Lo. Faith, Sir, I think the Waterman had as good take the Portmantle, and pay himself.

T.F. Why thure there's something left in't I

Lo. But a solitary old Waistcoat, upon my Honour, Sir.

T.F. Why, what's become of the Blue Coat, Sirrah?

Lo. Sir,

Virtue in Danger.

Lo. Sir, 'twas eaten at *Gravesend*; the Reckoning came to Thirty Shillings, and your Privy Purse was worth but two Half-Crowns.

T. F. 'Tis very well.

Wat. Pray, Master, will you please to dispatch me?

T. F. Ay, here, a—— Canst thou change me a Guinea?

Lo. *aside.*] Good.

Wat. Change a Guinea, Master! Ha, ha, your Honour's pleas'd to Compliment.

T. F. I gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but Gold about me.

Lo. *aside.*] ——Hum, hum.

T. F. What dost thou expect, Friend?

Wat. Why, Master, so far against Wind and Tide, is richly worth Half a Piece.

T. F. Why, Faith, I think thou art a good conscionable Fellow. I gad, I begin to have so good an Opinion of thy Honesty, I care not if I leave my Portmantle with thee, Till I send thee thy Money.

Wat. Ha! God bless your Honour: I shou'd be as willing to trust you, Master, but that you are, as a Man may say, a Stranger to me, and these are nimble Times; there are a great many Sharpers stirring.

Taking up the Portmantle.] Well, Master, when your Worship sends the Money, your Portmantle shall be forth-coming; my Name's *Tugg*; my Wife keeps a Brandy-shop in *Drab-Ally* at *Wapping*.

T. F. Very well; I'll send for't to-morrow. [Exit Wat.]

Lo. So—— Now, Sir, I hope you'll own your self a happy Man, You have out-liv'd all your Cares.

T. F. How so, Sir?

Lo. Why, you have nothing left to take Care of.

T. F. Yes, Sirrah, I have my self and you to take Care of still.

Lo. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

T. F. Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply my self, I have at present so little Money, and so much Humility, about me, I don't know but I may follow a Fool's Advice.

Lo. Why then, Sir, your Fool advises you to lay aside all Animosity, and apply to Sir *Novelty* your Elder Brother.

T. F. Dam my Elder Brother.

Lo. With all my Heart; but get him to redeem your Annuity however.

T. F. My Annuity! S'death, he's such a Dog, he wou'd not give his Powder Puff to redeem my Soul.

Lo. Look you, Sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

T. F. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lo. Why? What will you do then?

T. F. I'll go into the Army.

Lo. You can't take the Oaths; you are a *Jacobite*.

T. F. Thou may'st as well say I can't take Orders because I'm an Atheist.

Lo. Sir, I ask your Pardon; I find I did not know the Strength of your Conscience, so well as I did the Weakness of your Purse.

T. F. Methinks, Sir, a Person of your Experience shou'd have known, that the Strength of the Conscience proceeds from the Weakness of the Purse.

Lo. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a Conscience able to take Care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'll please to consider, that the Army alone will be but a scanty Maintenance for a Person of your Generosity, (at least, as Rents now are paid) I shall see you stand in damnable need of some Auxiliary Guineas, for your *Memo Plaisirs*; I will therefore turn Fool once more for your Service, and advise you to go directly to your Brother.

T. F. Art thou then so impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a Farthing?

Lo. Not if you treat him, *De haut en bas*, as you use to do.

T. F. Why, how wou'dst have me treat him?

Lo. Like a Trout, tickle him.

T. F. I can't flatter—

Lo. Can you starve?

T. F. Yes—

Lo. I can't; Good by r'ye, Sir—

T. F. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wou'dst thou have me say to him?

Lo. Say nothing to him, apply your self to his Favourites, speak to his Perriwig, his Cravat, his Feather, his Snuff-box, and when you are well with them—desire him to lend you a Thousand Pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

T. F. Sdeath and Furies! Why was that Coxcomb thrust into the World before me? O Fortune— Fortune— Thou art a Bitch, by Gad—

[*Exeunt*,

SCENE, A Dressing-Room.

Enter Lord Foppington in his Night-Gown.

L. F. Page—

Enter Page.

Page. Sir.

L. F. Sir, Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to teach your Tongue the Tide the King has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your Lordship's Pardon, my Lord.

L. F. O, you can pronounce the Word then.

I thought it wou'd have choak'd you—D'ye hear?

Page. My Lord.

L. F. Call *La Varole*, I wou'd Dress—

[*Exit Page.*

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to be a Man of Quality— Strike me dumb— My Lord— Your Lordship— My Lord Foppington—

Ab c'est quelque Chose de beau, que le Diable m'emporte—

Why the Ladies were ready to pewk at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Navelty to recommend me to 'em— Sure whilst I was but a Knight, I was a very nauseous Fellow— Well, 'tis Ten Thousand Pawnd well giver.— flap my Vitals—

Enter

Virtue in Danger.

7

Enter La Varole.

Me Lord, de Shoemaker, de Taylor, de Hofier, de Semstrefs, de Barber, be all ready, if your Lordship please to Drefs.

L. F. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

L. V. Hey, Messieurs, Entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

L. F. So, Gentlemen, I hope you have all taken Pains to shew yourselves Masters in your Professions.

Tayl. I think I may presume to say, Sir——

La. Va. My Lord—— You Clawnd you.

Tayl. Why, is he made a Lord—— My Lord, I ask your Lordship's Pardon, my Lord; I hope, my Lord, your Lordship will please to own, I have brought your Lordship as accomplish'd a Suit of Cloaths, as ever Peer of England trod the Stage in, my Lord, will your Lordship please to try 'em now.

L. F. Ay, but let my People dispose the Glasses so, that I may see my self before and behind, for I love to see my self all round——

[Whilst he puts on his Cloaths, enter Young Fashion and Lory.]

T. F. Hey-day, what the Devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has got so many People at his Levee.

Lo. Sir, these People come in order to make him a Favourite at Court, they are to establish him with the Ladies.

T. F. Good God, to what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it shou'd be in the Power of a Lac'd Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em——

Lo. Sir, Taylors, and Perriwig-makers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

T. F. Thou sayest true, for there's that Fop now, has not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-Maid, and by that time these Fellows have done with him, I gad he shall melt down a Countess——

But now for my Reception, I'll engage it shall be as cold as a one, as a Courtier's to his Friend, who comes to put him in mind of his Promise.

L. Fop, to his Taylor. Death and Eternal Tartures! Sir, I say the Packer's too high by a Foot.

Tay. My Lord, if it had been an Inch lower, it would not have held your Lordship's Pocket Handkerchief.

L. F. Rat my Pocket Handkerchief, Have not I a Page to carry it? You may make him a Packer up to his Chin a purpose for it, but I will not have mine come so near my Face.

Tay. 'Tis not for me to dispute your Lordship's Fancy.

T. F. to Lor. His Lordship! Lory, did you observe that?

Lo. Yes, Sir, I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more Respect for him.

T. F. Respect! Dam him for a Coxcomb, now has he ruin'd his Estate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the First Rate; But let's accost him—— To L. F. Brother, I'm your Humble Servant.

L. F. O Lord, Tam; I did not expect you in England:

Brother, I am glad to see you——

Turning

The RELAPSE; or,

Turning to his Taylor.] Look you, Sir; I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous Packet; therefore pray get me another Suit with all manner of Expedition; for this is my Eternal Averfion. Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my Mind?

Semstrefs. O, directly my Lord, it can never be too low.—

L. F. You are positively in the right on't, for the Packet becomes no part of the Body but the Knee.

Semf. I hope your Lordship is pleas'd with your Steenkirk.

L. F. In love with it, stay my Vitals. Bring your Bill, you shall be paid to marrow.—

Semf. I humbly thank your Honour.— [Exit Semf.]

L. F. Hark thee, Shooe-maker, these Shooes an't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shooe. My Lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

L. F. They hurt me just below the Instep.

Shooe. feeling his Foot.] My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

L. F. I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shooe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

L. F. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel.

Shooe. Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that Shooe does not hurt you.— I think I understand my Trade.—

L. F. Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible Coxcomb; but thou makest good Shooes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shooe. My Lord, I have work'd for half the People of Quality in Town these Twenty Years; and 'twere very hard I should not know when a Shooe hurts, and when it don't.

L. F. Well, prithee be gone about thy Business. [Exit Shooe.]

To the Hosier.] Mr. Mend-legs, a word with you; the Calves of these Stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my Legs look like a Chairman's.—

Mend. My Lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

L. F. Ay, but you are not so good a Judge of those things as I am, I have study'd 'em all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a Crown-piece less.— [Aside. If the Town takes notice my Legs

are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the Violence of some new Intrigue.

To the Perriwig-maker.] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Morning will be over.

Foretop. My Lord, I have done what I desire any Prince in Europe to out-do; I have made you a Perriwig so long, and so full of Hair, it will serve you for a Hat and Cloak in all Weathers.

L. F. Then thou hast made me thy Friend to Eternity; Come, comb it out.

T. F. Well, Lory, what do'st think on't? A very Friendly Reception from a Brother after Three Years Absence.

L. F. Why, Sir, 'tis your own Fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love; if you would creep into his Heart, you must enter into his Pleasures.— Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him. T. F.

T. F. Nor never shall, while they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lo. Then, Sir, you must be content to pick a hungry Bone.

T. F. No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done.

L. F. Gad's Curse, Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full Perriwig?

Fore. Not a full one, my Lord? I don't know what your Lordship may please to call a Full one, but I have cram'd 20 Ounces of Hair into it.

L. F. What it may be by Weight, Sir, I shall not dispute; but by Tale, there are not 9 Hairs of a side.

Fore. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Why, as Gad shall judge me, your Honour's Side-Face is reduc'd to the Tip of your Nose.

L. F. My Side-Face may be in an Eclipse for ought I know; but, I'm sure, my Full-Face is like the Full-Moon.

Fore. Heaven blefs my Eye-sight! ——— [Rubbing his Eyes.] Sure I look through the wrong end of the Perspective; for, by my Faith, an't please your Honour, the broadest place I see in your Face, does not seem to me to be two Inches Diameter.

L. F. If it did, it would be just two Inches too broad; for a Perriwig to a Man, shou'd be like a Mask to a Woman, nothing shou'd be seen but his Eyes——

Fore. My Lord, I have done; if you please to have more Hair in your Wig, I'll put it in.

L. F. Passively, yes.

Fore. Shall I take it back now, my Lord?

L. F. Noh: I'll wear it to day, though it shew such a monstrous pair of Cheeks, stap my Vitals, I shall be taken for a Trumpeter. [Exit Fore.]

T. F. Now your People of Business are gone, Brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an Hour's Audience of you.

L. F. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lords immediately; my Lady Teaser's Case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey Page, is the Coach at the Door?

Page. Yes, my Lord.

L. F. You'll excuse me, Brother.

[Going.]

T. F. Shall you be back at Dinner?

L. F. As God shall judge me, I can't tell; for 'tis possible I may Dine with some of our House at Lackets.

T. F. Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you.

L. F. That I'm afraid may not be so proper; for the Lords I commonly eat with, are People of a nice Conversation; and you know, Tam, your Education has been a little at large; but if you'll stay here, you'll find a Family-Dinner. Hey Fellow! What is there for Dinner? There's Beef: I suppose my Brother will eat Beef. Dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my Vitals.

[Exit with his Equipage.]

The RELAPSE; or,

T. F. Hell and Furies ! Is this to be born ?

Lo. Faith, Sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o'th' Pate my self.

T. F. 'Tis enough ; I will now shew thee the Excess of my Passion by being very calm : Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Destruction.

Lo. Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he wou'd but join in the Confederacy.

Enter Coupler.

T. F. By this Light, old *Coupler* alive still ! Why, how now, Match-maker, art thou here still to plague the World with Matrimony ? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence to be hobbling out of your Grave 20 Years after you are rotten.

C. When you begin to rot, Sirrah, you'll go off like a Pippin, One Winter will send you to the Devil.

What Mischief brings you Home again ?

Ha ! You young Lascivious Rogue you ;

Let me put my Hand in your Bosom, Sirrah ?

T. F. Stand off, old *Sodom*.

C. Nay, prithee now don't be so coy.

T. F. Keep your Hands to your self, you old Dog you, or I'll wring your Nose off.

C. Hast thou then been a Year in *Italy*, and brought Home a Fool at last ? By my Conscience, the young Fellows of this Age profit no more by their going Abroad, than they do by their going to Church. Sirrah, Sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my Years, you'll know a Cock from a Hen. But come, I'm still a Friend to thy Person, though I have a Contempt of thy Understanding ; and therefore I wou'd willingly know thy Condition, that I may see whether thou standest in need of my Assistance ; for Widows swarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

T. F. I stand in need of any body's Assistance, that will help me to cut my Elder Brother's Throat, without the Risque of being hang'd for him.

C. Igad, Sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almost as good a Turn, without the Danger of being burnt in the Hand for't.

T. F. Sayest thou so, old Satan ? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

C. Pox o'thy Soul, give me thy warm Body, Sirrah ; I shall have a substantial Title to it when I tell thee my Project.

T. F. Out with it then, dear Dad, and take Possession as soon as thou wilt.

C. Say'st thou so, my *Hephestion* ? Why, then thus lies the Scene—
But hold, who's that ? if we are heard, we are undone.

T. F. What, have you forgot *Lory* ?

C. Who, trusty *Lory*, is it thee ?

Lo. At your Service, Sir.

C. Give

C. Give me thy Hand, Old Boy; I gad I did not know thee again; but I remember thy Honeſty, though I did not thy Face; I think, thou hadſt like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy Maſter.

L. Sir, I was very near, once having that Honour.

C. Well, Live and Hope; don't be discourag'd; Eat with him, and Drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy Reward at laſt, as well as anothers.

To T. F. Well, Sir, you muſt know I have done you the Kindneſs to make up a Match for your Brother.

T. F. Sir, I am very much beholden to you, truly.

C. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day yet; the Lady is a great Heireſs, Fifteen Hundred Pound a Year, and a great Bag of Money; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a Fortnight. Now you muſt know, Stripling, (with Reſpect to your Mother) your Brother's the Son of a Whore.

T. F. Good.

C. He has given me a Bond of a Thouſand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready Money upon the Day of Marriage, which I underſtand by a Friend, he never deſigns to pay me: If therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and ſecure me Five Thouſand Pounds, I'll be a covetous Old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

T. F. Gad, if thou canſt bring this about, I'll have thy Statue caſt in Braſs.

But don't you doat, you old Pandor, you, when you talk at this rate?

C. That your youthful Parts ſhall judge of: This plump Partridge that I tell you of, lives in the Country, Fifty Miles off, with her Honour'd Parents, in a lonely Old Houſe which no body comes near; ſhe never goes abroad, nor ſees Company at Home: To prevent all Miſfortunes, ſhe has her Breeding within Doors, the Parſon of the Pariſh teaches her to play on the Baſe-Viol, the Clerk to Sing, her Nurſe to Dreſs, and her Father to Dance: In ſhort, no body can give you Admittance there but I, nor can I do it any other way, than by making you paſs for your Brother.

T. F. And how the Devil wilt thou do that?

C. Without the Devil's Aid, I warrant thee. Thy Brother's Face not one of the Family ever ſaw, the whole Buſineſs has been manag'd by me, and all the Letters go through my Hands: The laſt that was writ to Sir *Tun-belly Clumſey* (for that's the old Gentleman's Name) was to tell him, his Lordſhip wou'd be down in a Fortnight to Conſummate. Now you ſhall go away immediately, pretend you writ that Letter only, to have the Romantic Pleaſure of ſurprizing your Miſtreſs, fall deſperately in Love, as ſoon as you ſee her; make that your Plea for marrying her immediately, and when the Fatigue of the Wedding-Night's over, you ſhall ſend me a ſwinging Purſe of Gold, you Dog you.

T. F. Gad, Old Dad, I'll put my Hand in thy Boſom now—

C. Ah, you young hot lusty Thief, let me muzzle you—— [Kissing.
Sirrah, let me muzzle you

T. F. Psha, the Old Letcher——

C. Well; I'll warrant thou hast not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now, no, one may see it in thy Face—— [Aside.

T. F. Not a Soule, by Jupiter.

C. Must I advance then—— Well, Sirrah, be at my Lodgings in half an-Hour, and I'll see what may be done; we'll Sign and Seal, and eat a Puller, and when I have given thee some further Instructions, thou shalt hoyft Sail and be gone—— [Kissing.—— Pother Buss, and so adieu.

T. F. U'm, Psha.

C. Ah, you young warm Dog you, what a Delicious Night will the Bride have on't. [Exit Coupler.

T. F. So, Lory, Providence, thou seest at last, takes Care of Men of Merit; we are in a fair way to be great People.

Lo. Ay, Sir, if the Devil don't step between the Cup and the Lip, as he uses to do.

T. F. Why, Faith, he has play'd me many a damnd Trick to spoil my Fortune, and I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I shou'd tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lo. Indeed, Sir, I shou'd not.

T. F. How do'st know?

Lo. Because, Sir, I have wonder'd at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

T. F. No; What wouldst thou say, if a Quail of Conscience shou'd spoil my Design.

Lo. I wou'd eat my Words, and wonder more than ever.

T. F. Why Faith, Lory, tho' I am a young Rake-hell, and have plaid many a Roguish Trick, this is so full grown a Cheat, I find I must take Pains to come up to't, I have Scruples——

Lo. They are strong Symptoms of Death; if you find they encrease, pray, Sir, make your Will.

T. F. No, my Conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it, before I execute this Project: I'll try my Brother to the bottom, I'll speak to him with the Temper of a Philosopher, my Reasons (though they press him home) shall yet be cloath'd with so much Modesty, not one of all the Truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his Sight; if he has yet so much Humanity about him, as to assist me, (tho' with a moderate Aid) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and shew him how I can——do for him, much more than what I ask, he'd do for me. This one Conclusive Trial of him I resolve to make——

Succeed or no, still Victory's my Lot;

If I subdue his Heart, 'tis well; if not,

I shall subdue my Conscience to my Plot.

[Exit.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Loveless and Amanda.

Lov. **H**OW do you like these Lodgings, my Dear? For my part, I am so well pleas'd with 'em, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in Town, if you are satisfy'd.

Aman. I am satisfy'd with every thing that pleases you; else I had not come to Town at all.

Lov. O, a little of the Noise and Bussle of the World sweetens the Pleasures of Retreat: We shall find the Charms of our Retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing Prospect will be my chiefest Entertainment, whilst (much against my Will) I am oblig'd to stand surrounded with these empty Pleasures, which 'tis so much the Fashion to be fond of.

Lov. I own most of them are indeed but empty; nay, so empty, that one wou'd wonder by what Magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their sakes.

Yet some there are we may speak kinder of: There are Delights (of which a private Life is destitute) which may divert an honest Man, and be a harmless Entertainment to a virtuous Woman. The Conversation of the Town is one, and truly (with some small Allowances) the Plays, I think, may be esteem'd another.

Aman. The Plays, I must confess, have some small Charms; and wou'd have more, wou'd they restrain that loose obscene Encouragement to Vice, which shocks, if not the Virtue of some Women, at least the Modesty of all.

Lov. But till that Reformation can be made, I wou'd not leave the wholesome Corn, for some intruding Tares that grow amongst it. Doubtless the Moral of a well-wrought Scene is of prevailing Force. Last Night there happen'd one that mov'd me strangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Lov. Why 'twas about —— but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray let me know it.

Lov. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a Mind to know.

Lov. 'Twas a foolish thing: You'd perhaps grow jealous, shou'd I tell it you, tho' without Cause, Heaven knows.

Aman. I shall begin to think I have Cause, if you persist in making it a Secret.

Lov. I'll then convince you, you have none, by making it no longer so. Know then, I happen'd in the Play to find my very Character, only with

The RELAPSE; or,

the Addition of a *Relapse*; which struck me so, I put a sudden stop to a most harmless Entertainment, which till then, diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the Workmanship of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady, that fate some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Lov. Why do you repeat my Words, my Dear?

Aman. Because you seem'd to speak 'em with such Pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their Echo.

Lov. Then you are alarm'd, *Amanda*?

Aman. It is my Duty to be so, when you are in Danger.

Lov. You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out. I do confess I gaz'd upon her, nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Aman. Eagerly! That's with Desire.

Lov. No, I desir'd her not: I view'd her with a world of Admiration, but not one Glance of Love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice Distinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for observing in the Play, that he who seem'd to represent me there, was by an Accident like this, unwarily surpriz'd into a Net, in which he lay a poor intangled Slave, and brought a Train of Mischiefs on his Head, I snatch'd my Eyes away; they pleaded hard for Leave again, but I grew absolute, and they obey'd.

Aman. Were they the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my Tongue, I fancy, had been curious too; I should have ask'd her Name, and where she liv'd, (yet still without Design.)—Who was she, I pray?

Lov. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's Sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what Company was with her?

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why were you disturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no Cause?

Lov. None, certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, *Amanda*. For turn the Case, and let it be your Story: Should you come home, and tell me you had seen a handsome Man, should I grow jealous because you had Eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he were exquisitely so, that I had gaz'd on him with Admiration; that I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him, should you not think it were possible I might go one Step further, and enquire his Name?

Lov. aside.

Lov. aside.] She has Reason on her side: I have talk'd too much: But I must turn it off another way. *To Aman.]* Will you then make no Difference, *Amanda,* between the Language of our Sex and yours? There is a Modesty restrains your Tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend: but roying Flattery gives a Looke to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think: You should not therefore in so strict a Sense take what I said to her Advantage.

Aman.] Those Flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of Hearing, you are as modest in your Commendations as we are. But I shan't put you to the Trouble of further Excuses, if you please this Business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there's a young Lady at the Door in a Chair, desires to know whether your Ladyship sees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia*.

Aman. O dear! 'tis a Relation I have not seen these five Years: Pray her to walk in.

To Lov.] Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last: but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

Lov. Don't you be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter Berinthia.

Lov. aside.] Ha! By Heavens the very Woman!

Ber. saluting Aman.] Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in Town.

Aman. Sweet Cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you. *To Lov.]* Mr. *Lovelles*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. saluting Ber.] If my Wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

Ber. to Aman.] I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy.

Aman. Joy! Upon what?

Ber. Upon your Marriage: You were a Widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon that, since I am the only Gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Complements of her Friends upon it.

Lov. Ay, the World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title, I hope 'tis so just to my Wife to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are (and deserve to be) the happiest Pair that live in it.

Lov. I'm afraid we shall loose that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition.

Enter

The RELAPSE; or,

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble Service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next Door, and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Low. Lord Foppington! — I know him not.

Ber. Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person. 'Tis Sir Novelty; he has bought a Barony, in order to marry a great Fortune: His Patent has not been pass'd above Eight and Forty Hours, and he has already sent How-do-ye's to all the Town, to make 'em acquainted with his Title.

Low. Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. *[Exit.*
Sure this Addition of Quality must have so improv'd his Coxcomb, he can't but be very good Company for a quarter of an Hour.

Aman. Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth, to see a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be so very industrious to pass for an Ass.

Low. No, there you are wrong, *Amanda*, you shou'd never bestow your Pity upon those who take Pains for your Contempt. Pity those whom Nature abuses, but never those who abuse Nature.

Ber. Besides the Town won'd be robb'd of one of its chiefest Diversions, if it shou'd become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.

Aman. I could never yet perceive the Town inclin'd to part with any of its Diversions, for the sake of their being Crimes; but I have seen it very fond of some, I think had little else to recommend 'em.

Ber. I doubt, *Amanda*, you are grown its Enemy, you speak with so much Warmth against it.

Aman. I must confess I am not much its Friend.

Ber. Then give me leave to make you mine, by not engaging in its Quarrel.

Aman. You have many stronger Claims than that, *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your Title.

Low. You have done well to engage a Second, my Dear; for here comes one will be apt to call you to an Account for your Country Principles.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. F. to Low.] Sir, I am your most humble Servant.

Low. I wish you Joy, my Lord.

L. F. O Lord, Sir — Madam, your Ladyship's welcom to Tawn.

Aman. I wish your Lordship Joy.

L. F. O Heavens, Madam —

Low. My Lord, this young Lady is a Relation of my Wives.

L. F. saluting her.] The beautifullest Race of People upon Earth: Rat me. Dear *Lovels*, I am overjoy'd to see you have brought your Family to Tawn again; I am, flap my Vitals — *Aside.]* For I design to lie with your

your Wife. *To Aman.*] Far Gad's sake, Madam, how has your Ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the Fatigue of a Country Life.

Aman. My Life has been very far from that, my Lord; it has been a very quiet one.

L. F. Why, that's the Fatigue I speak of, Madam: For 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me the greatest Fatigue in the World.

Aman. Does not your Lordship love reading then?

L. F. Oh, passionately, Madam—— But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your Lordship read without thinking?

L. F. O Lord—— Can your Ladyship pray without Devotion—— Madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think Books the best Entertainment in the World.

L. F. I am so much of your Ladyship's Mind, Madam, that I have a private Gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but Books and Looking-glasses. Madam, I have gild'd 'em, and rang'd 'em so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the World to walk and look upon 'em.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but 'tis, I think, the inside of a Book shou'd recommend it most to us.

L. F. That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fond of. Far to mind the inside of a Book, is to entertain ones self with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Now I think a Man of Quality and Breeding may be much better diverted with the Natural Sprouts of his own. But to say the Truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this Tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the Four and Twenty Hours, that 'twere Ten Thousand Pities he shou'd consume his time in that. For Example, Madam, my Life, my Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleasure, that glides through such a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wisest of our Ancestors never had the least Conception of any of 'em.

I rise. Madam, about Ten a-Clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the World for the Complexion; not that I pretend to be a Beau; but a Man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a Figure in the Side-box, the Ladies shou'd be compell'd to turn their Eyes upon the Play. So at Ten a-Clock I say I rise. Now if I find 'tis a good Day, I resolve to take a Turn in the Park, and see the fine Women; so huddle on my Cloaths, and get dress'd by One. If it be nasty Weather, I take a Turn in the Chocolate-house, where, as you walk, Madam, you have the prettiest Prospect in the World; you have Looking-glasses all round you—— But I'm afraid I tire the Company.

Ber. Not at all. *They go on.*

L. F. Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner at *Lacester*, where you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, sup my Virals, they shall compose you a Dish no bigger than a Sauce, shall come to Fifty Shillings.

Between

Between eating my Dinner, (and washing my Mouth, Ladies) I spend my time, till I go to the Play; where, till Nine a-Clack, I entertain my self with looking upon the Company; and usually dispose of one Hour more in leading them out. So there's Twelve of the Four and Twenty pretty well over.

The other Twelve, Madam, are dispos'd of in Two Articles: In the first Four I toast my self Drunk, and in t'other Eight I sleep my self Sober a gain. Thus, Ladies, you see my Life is an Eternal round O of Delights.

Low. 'Tis a Heavenly one, indeed —
Aman. But I thought, my Lord, you *Beaux* spent a great deal of your Time in Intrigues: You have given us no Account of 'em yet.

L. F. *aside*. Soh; she wou'd enquire into my Amours — That's Jealousie — She begins to be in Love with me — *To Aman*. Why, Madam — as to time for my Intrigues, I usually make Detachments of it from my other Pleasures, according to the Exigency: For your Ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occasion for above half an Hour at a time: People of that Rank being under those Decorums, they can seldom give you a longer View, than will just serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the Course of my other Pleasures is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

Low. But your Lordship is now become a Pillar of the State; you must attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

L. F. Sir — as to weighty Affairs — I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine shall be a Burthen to my Body.

Low. O but you'll find the House will expect your Attendance.

L. F. Sir, you'll find the House will compound for my Appearance.

Low. But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Causes.

L. F. Not, Sir, if I come time enough to give 'em my particular Vote.

Ber. But pray, my Lord, how do you dispose of your self on *Sundays*; for that, methinks, shou'd hang wretchedly on your Hands.

L. F. Why Faith, Madam — *Sunday* — is a vile Day, I must confess. I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, that Players may work upon it, as well as the Hackney Coaches. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the Churches to entertain us — But then again, they begin so abominable early; a Man must rise by Candle-light to get dress'd by the Psalm.

Ber. Pray which Church does your Lordship most oblige with your Presence.

L. Fop. Oh, St. James's, Madam — There's much the best Company.

Aman. Is there good Preaching too?

L. F. Why Faith, Madam — I can't tell. A Man must have very little to do there, that can give an Account of the Sermon.

Ber. You can give us an Account of the Ladies at least.

L. F. Or I deserve to be Excommunicated — There is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Leer, my Lady Gittle, and my Lady

Lady Grin. These fit in the Front of the Boxes, and all Church-time are the prettiest Company in the World, stay my Virals. *To Aman.* Mayn't we hope for the Honour to see your Ladyship added to our Society, Madam?

Aman. Alas, my Lord, I am the worst Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers, or the Sermon, or—

L. F. One is indeed strangely apt at Church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, Madam, at one time or other, I shall have the Honour to lead your Ladyship to your Coach there. *Aside.* Methinks she seems strangely pleas'd with every thing I say unto her. 'Tis a vast Pleasure to receive Encouragement from a Woman before her Husband's Face—I have a good mind to pursue my Conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at once—I gad I'll do't, and that in so Cavallier a manner, she shall be surpriz'd at it—Ladies, I'll take my Leave, I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the Length of my Visit.

Aman. Your Lordship's too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

L. F. aside. That now was as much as if she had said—Pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick of Apprehension. *To Aman.* O Lord, Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I must needs tell your Ladyship. *To Lov.* Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Lov. Not I, my Lord; I am too fashionable a Husband to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

L. F. to Aman. Squeezing her Hand. I am in love with you to Desperation, strike me speechless.

Aman, giving him a Box a'th' Ear. Then thus I return your Passion: An impudent Fool!

L. F. Gads Curse, Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Lov. Hey, what the Devil do you affront my Wife, Sir, nay then—

Aman. Ah! What has my Folly done? *[The Women run shrieking for Help.]* Help, Murder, help: Part 'em for Heavens sake.

L. F. falling back, and leaning upon his Sword. Ah—quite through the Body—Stay my Virals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. running to him. I hope I han't kill'd the Fool however—Bare him up! Where's your Wound?

L. F. Just through the Guts.

Lov. Call a Surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly.

L. F. Ay, pray make haste.

Lov. This Mischief you may thank your self for.

L. F. I may so—Love's the Devil indeed, Ned.

Enter Seringe and Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Seringe, Sir, was just going by the Door.

L. F. He's the welcomest Man alive.

Ser. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray Gentlemen stand by. Lord have Mercy upon us, Did you never see a Man run through the Body before. Pray stand by.

D

L. F.

The RELAPSE; or,

L. F. Ah, Mr. *Seringe*—I'm a dead Man.

Ser. A dead Man and I by— I shou'd laugh to see that, I gad.

Lov. Prithce don't stand prating, but look upon his Wound.

Ser. Why, what if I won't look upon his Wound this Hour, Sir?

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir.

Ser. Why, then I'll fetch him to Life again, Sir.

Lov. 'Slife, he's run through the Guts, I tell thee.

Ser. Wou'd he were run through the Heart, I shou'd get the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you are satisfy'd?— Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. *Viewing his Wound.* Oons, what a Gash is here?— Why, Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and Six Horses into your Body.

L. F. Ho—
Ser. Why, what the Devil, have you run the Gentleman through with a Sythe— *Aside.* A little Prick between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

Lov. Let me see his Wound.

Ser. Then you shall dress it, Sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the veriest Coxcomb I ever saw.

Ser. Sir, I am not Master of my Trade for nothing.

L. F. Surgeon. Ser. Well, Sir.

L. F. Is there any Hopes?

Ser. Hopes?— I can't tell— What are you willing to give for your Cure?

L. F. Five Hundred Pounds with Pleasure.

Ser. Why then perhaps there may be Hopes. But we must avoid further Delay. Here; help the Gentleman into a Chair, and carry him to my House presently, that's the properest place, *aside* to bubble him out of his Money. Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly—there, in with him.

[*They put him into a Chair.*]
L. F. Dear *Loveless*—Adieu. If I die— I forgive thee; and if I live—I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I shou'd quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfy'd—I am.

Lov. I shall hardly think it worth my Prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, Sir.

L. F. Thou art a generous Fellow, strike me dumb. *Aside.* But thou hast an impertinent Wife, stop my Vitals.

Ser. So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a Fever by and by; carry him off. [*Exit Ser. with L. F.*]

Aman. Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me ask your Pardon for my Indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Lov. O! There's no Harm done: You serv'd him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet Resentment might have cost you.

Lov. O no matter, never trouble your self about that.

Ser. For Heaven's sake, what was't he did to you?

Aman. O nothing; he only squeez'd me kindly by the Hand, and frankly offer'd

offer'd me a Coxcomb's Heart. I know I was to blame to resent it as I did, since nothing but a Quarrel cou'd ensue. But the Fool so surpriz'd me with his Insolence, I was not Mistress of my Fingers.

Ber. Now I dare swear, he thinks you had 'em at great Command, they obey'd you so readily.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Save you, save you good People: I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded Peer carrying off: For Heavens take what was the matter?

Lov. O a Trifle: He wou'd have lain with my Wife before my Face, so she oblig'd him with a Box o'th' Ear, and I run him through the Body: That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray Madam, how long has this Noble Lord been an humble Servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So I suppose 'tis his Quality more than his Love, has brought him into this Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Passport to every Woman's Heart, below the Degree of a Peers.

Wor. He's Coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into Trouble for him: I hope there's no Danger of his Life?

Lov. None at all: He's fallen into the Hands of a Roguish Surgeon, I perceive designs to frighten a little Money out of him. But I saw his Wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the Play to Night, if he pleases.

Wor. I am glad you have corrected him without farther Mischief. And now, Sir, if these Ladies have no farther Service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the Place I spoke to you of t'other Day.

Lov. With all my Heart. *Aside.* Tho' I cou'd wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that Creature. Good Gods! How beautiful she is—— But what have I to do with Beauty? I have already had my Portion, and must not covet more. *To Wor.* Come, Sir, when you please.

Wor. Ladies, your Servant.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one Word with you before you go.

Lov. to Wor. I'll overtake you, Sir. What wou'd my Dear? *[Exit Wor.]*

Aman. Only a Woman's foolish Question,

How do you like my Couzen here?

Lov. Jealous already, *Amanda?*

Aman. Not at all, I ask you for another Reason.

Lov. aside. Whate'er her Reason be, I must not tell her true.

To Aman. Why, I confess she's handsome. But you must not think I slight your Kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the Women who may claim that Character, she is the last wou'd triumph in my Heart.

Aman. I'm satisfy'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At Night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I'm yours *[kissing her.]*

[Exit Lov. Aside.]

The RELAPSE; or,

Aman, aside. I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. *To Ber.* Now dear

Berinthia, let me enquire a little into your Affairs: For I do assure you, I am enough your Friend, to interest my self in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such Proofs on't, I shou'd be very much to blame to doubt it. I am sorry I have no Secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a Confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so Young and Beautiful as you, shou'd live and have no Secrets?

Ber. What Secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O Twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do any thing underhand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now methinks wou'd make me hate a Man.

Ber. But the Women of the Town are of another Mind: For by this means a Lady may (with the Expence of a few Coquet Glances) lead Twenty Fools about in a String, for two or three Years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater Favours, and oblige 'em to Secrecie, (she wou'd not keep one of 'em a Fortnight.

Aman. There's something indeed in that to satisfy the Vanity of a Woman, but I can't comprehend how the Men find their Account in it.

Ber. Their Entertainment, I must confess, is a Riddle to me. For there's very few of them ever get farther, than a Bow and an Ogle. I have half a Score for my share, who follow me all over the Town; and at the Play, the Park, and the Church, do (with their Eyes) say the violent'st things to me-- But I never hear any more of 'em.

Aman. What can be the Reason of that?

Ber. One Reason is, They don't know how to go farther. They have have had so little Practice, they don't understand the Trade. But besides their Ignorance, you must know there is not one of my half score Lovers but what follows half a score Mistresses. Now their Affections being divided amongst so many, are not strong enough for any one to make 'em pursue her to the purpose. Like a young Puppy in a Warren, they have a Flirt at all, and catch none.

Aman. Yet they seem to have a Torrent of Love to dispose of.

Ber. They have so: But 'tis like the Rivers of a Modern Philosopher, (whose Works, tho' a Woman, I have read) it sets out with a violent Stream, splits in a Thousand Branches, and is all lost in the Sands.

Aman. But do you think this River of Love runs all its Course without doing any Mischief? Do you think it overflows nothing.

Ber. O yes; 'tis true, it never breaks into any Bodies Ground that has the least Fence about it; but it overflows all the Commons that lie in its way. And this is the utmost Atchievement of those dreadful Champions in the Field of Love—the Beaux.

Aman. But

Aman. But prithee, *Berinthia*, instruct me a little farther; for I'm so great a Novice, I'm almost ashamed on't. My Husband's leaving me whilst I was young and fond, threw me into that Depth of Discontent, that ever since I have led so private and reclusive a Life, my Ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain wou'd be instructed: Not (Heaven knows) that what you call Intrigues have any Charms for me; my Love and Principles are too well fix'd. The Practick Part of all unlawful Love is——

Ber. O 'tis abominable: But for the Speculative; that we must all confess is entertaining. The Conversation of all the Virtuous Women in the Town rains upon that and new Cloaths.

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, Whether you think those Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'scape all other Men, as they do those Shadows of 'em, the Beaux.

Ber. O no, *Amanda*; there are a sort of Men make dreadful Work amongst 'em: Men that may be call'd, The Beaux Antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two Legs:

These have Brains: The Beau has none.

These are in Love with their Mistress: The Beau with himself.

They take Care of her Reputation: He's industrious to destroy it.

They are Decent: He's a Fop.

They are Sound: He's Rotten.

They are Men: He's an Ass.

Aman. If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. *Worthy*?

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the Lord, he's eminently so: And for the the other, I can assure you, there's not a Man in Town who has a better Interest with the Women, that are worth having an Interest with. But 'tis all private: He's like a Back-stair Minister at Court, who, whilst the reputed Favourites are fauntering in the Bed-Chamber, is ruling the Roast in the Closet.

Aman. He answers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens! What a Difference there is between a Man like him, and that vain nauseous Fop, Sir *Novelty*. [*Taking her Hand.*] I must acquaint you with a Secret, Cousen. 'Tis not that Fool alone has talk'd to me of Love, *Worthy* has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has don't in vain: Not all his Charms or Art have Power to shake me: My Love, my Duty, and my Vertue, are such faithful Guards, I need not fear my Heart shou'd e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not start at his Proposal, as when it came from one whom I contain'd. I therefore mention this Attempt, that I may learn from you whence it proceeds; that Vice (which cannot change its Nature) shou'd so far change at least its Shape, as that the self-same Crime propos'd from one shall seem a Monster gaping at your Ruine; when from another it shall look so kind, as tho' it were your Friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence think you can this Difference proceed? For 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

Ber.

Ber. O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful Sentence pass upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Passions; the Pain you apprehend from one, might seem so trivial to the other; the Danger wou'd not quite so much alarm you.

Aman. Fy, fy, *Berinthia*, you wou'd indeed alarm me, cou'd you incline me to a Thought, that all the Merit of Mankind, combin'd, cou'd shake that tender Love I bear my Husband; No, he sits Triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. But shou'd he Abdicate again, do you think you shou'd preserve the vacant Throne Ten tedious Winters, more in hopes of his return?

Aman. Indeed I think I shou'd. Tho' I confess, after those Obligations he has to me, shou'd he abandon me once more, my Heart wou'd grow extremely urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him out for ever.

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted Wife, some body shou'd run the Risque of being that thing they call——a Husband.

Aman. O fy, *Berinthia*, no Revenge shou'd ever be taken against a Husband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance which of all Vengeance——

Ber. Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha. Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are, I know how to make Allowances for your Humour: You were always very entertaining Company; but I find since Marriage and Widowhood have shewn you the World a little, you are very much improv'd.

Ber. *aside.*] Alack a day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

Aman. For Heavens sake, *Berinthia*, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the World there is——and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is, to assure me——I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to Night.

Ber. To Night?

Aman. Yes, to Night.

Ber. Why, the People where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, *Amanda*? Why then they shall think what they please: For I'm a young Widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, *Amanda*, it's a delicious thing to be a young Widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in love with your Husband: but that is not every Woman's Case.

Aman. I hope 'twas yours, at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now have I a great Mind to tell you a Lye, but I shou'd do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the Truth.

Ber. Shall

Ber. Shall I? — Then after all I did love him, *Amanda*, as a Nun does Penance.

Aman. Why did not you refuse to marry him then?

Ber. Because my Mother would have whipt me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like Man and Wife, afunder.

He lov'd the Countrey, I the Town.

He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage.

He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing.

He the Sound of a Horn, I the Squeak of a Fiddle.

We were dull Company at Table, worse A-bed.

Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen.

And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

Ber. What's that?

Aman. Notwithstanding all these Jars, did not his Death at last — extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes: Not that my present Pangs were so very violent, but the After-pains were intollerable. I was forc'd to wear a beastly Widow's Band a Twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different Inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different Company. When your Husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into some of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have sav'd you many a Tear. But you go and live with a Grandmother, a Bishop, and an old Nurse, which was enough to make any Woman break her Heart for her Husband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep your self so as I do.

Aman. Why do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no; I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider I'm a Woman, and form my Resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my Opinion is, form what Resolution you will, Matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm sure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 'tis impossible for you to fall in Love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you Rest.

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do else?

Ber. Nothing — but sit and cry.

Aman. Psha.

Ber. Ah, poor *Amanda*, you have led a Country Life; but if you'll consult the Widows of this Town, they'll tell you, You shou'd never take a Lease of a House you can hire for a Quarter's Warning.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Lord Foppington and Servant.

L. F. **H**EY, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.
Ser. Will your Lordship venture so soon to expose your self to the Weather?

L. F. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose my self to the Ladies; tho' give me my Cloak however; for in that Side-box, what between the Air that comes in at the Door on one side, and the intolerable Warmth of the Masks on t'other, a Man gets so many Heats and Colds, 'twould destroy the Constitution of a Horse.

Ser. putting on his Cloak.] I wish your Lordship would please to keep House a little longer, I'm afraid your Honour does not well consider your Wound.

L. F. My Wound! — I would not be in Eclipse another Day, tho' I had as many Wounds in my Guts as I have had in my Heart.

Enter Young Fashion.

T. F. Brother, your Servant. How do you find your self to day?

L. F. So well, that I have order'd my Coach to the Door: So there's no great Danger of Death this bout, *Tam.*

T. F. I'm very glad of it.

L. F. *aside.*] That I believe's a Lye.

Prithee, *Tam.* tell me one thing: Did nat your Heart cut a Caper up to your Mauth, when you heard I was run through the Body?

T. F. Why do you think it shoud?

L. F. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my Father was shot through the Head.

T. F. It then did very ill.

L. F. Prithee, why so?

T. F. Because he us'd you very well.

L. F. Well? — *naw* strike me dumb, he starv'd me. He has let me want a Thausand Women, for want of a Thausand Pound.

L. F. Then he hindred you from making a great many ill Bargains, for I think no Woman is worth Money, that will take Money.

L. F. If I were a younger Brother, I shoud think so too.

T. F. Why, is it possible you can value a Woman that's to be bought.

L. F. Prithee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?

T. F. Because a Woman has a Heart to dispose of; a Horse has none.

L. F. Look you, *Tam.* of all things that belong to a Woman, I have an Aversion to her Heart: Far when once a Woman has given you her Heart — you can never get rid of the rest of her Body.

T. F. This is strange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours how is it with your own Heart?

L. F. Why,

L. Fop. Why, my Heart in my Amours—— is like my Heart out of my Amours: *a la glace*.

My Bady, *Tam*, is a Watch; and my Heart is the Pendulum to it; whilst the Finger runs round to every Hour in the Circle, that still beats the same time.

T. Faf. Then you are seldom much in Love?

L. Fop. Never, stay my Vitals.

T. Faf. Why then did you make all this Buffle about *Amanda*?

L. Fop. Because she was a Woman of an Insolent Vertue, and I thought my self prickt in Honour to debauch her.

T. Faf. Very well.

Aside.] Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the spending of Five Thousand Pounds a Year. But now for my business with him.

To L. Fop.] Brother, tho' I know to talk to you of business (especially of Money) is a Theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the Ladies; my Necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

L. Fop. The greatness of your Necessities, *Tam*, is the worst argument in the World for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make me a very good Speech, but, strike me Dumb, it has the worst beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twelve-month.

T. Faf. I'm very sorry you think so.

L. Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly; far 'tis a new Play, and I shall be so rumbled and squeez'd with pressing through the Crowd, to get to my Servant, the Women will think I have lain all Night in my Cloaths.

T. Faf. Why then (that I may not be the Author of so great a Misfortune) my Case in a Word is this.

The necessary Expences of my Travels have so much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forc'd to Mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy, but to go take a Purse.

L. Fop. Why, Faith, *Tam*—— to give you my sence of the thing, I do think taking a Purse the best Remedy in the World; for if you succeed, you are reliev'd that way; if your are taken—— you are reliev'd t'other.

T. Faf. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a Humour, I hope I shall find the effects on't.

L. Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I shou'd give you Five Hundred Paunds?

T. Faf. I do not ask it as a due, Brother, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

L. Fop. Thou art willing to receive it any haw, strike me speechless. But these art damn'd times to give Money in, Taxes are so great, Repairs so exorbitant, Tenants such Rogues, and Perriwigs so dear, that the Devil take me, I am reduc'd to that extremity in my Cash, I have been forc'd to rentrench in that one Article of sweet Pawder, till I have brought it down to Five Guineas a Month. Naw judge, *Tam*, whether I can spare you Five Hundred Paunds.

T. Fas. If you can't, I must starve, that's all.

Aside.] Damn him.

L. Fop. All I can say is, you shou'd have been a better Husband.

T. Fas. Oons, if you can't live upon Five Thousand a Year, how do you think I shou'd do't upon Two Hundred?

L. Fop. Don't be in a Passion, *Tam*; for Passion is the most unbecoming thing in the World——to the Face.

Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you Melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a Running Horse does require more Attendance than a Coach-Horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

T. Fas. Yes, she has made you older. [*Aside.* Pox take her.

L. Fop. That is, nat all, *Tam*.

T. Fas. Why, what is there else?

L. Fop. Looking first upon himself, then upon his Brother.]—— Ask the Ladies.

T. Fas. Why, thou Essence-Bottle, thou Musk-Cat, dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee?

L. Fop. I do——stap my Virals.

T. Fas. Now, by all that's Great and Powerful, thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

L. Fop. Sir—— I am praud of being at the Head of so prevailing a Party.

T. Fas. Will nothing then provoke thee?—— Draw Coward.

L. Fop. Look you, *Tam*, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the foolishest Plays broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your Paverly makes your Life so burthensome to you, you wou'd provoke me to a Quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my Lungs into my Estate, or to get your self run through the Guts, to put an end to your Pain: But I will disappoint you in both your Designs; far with the Temper of a Philosopher, and the Discretion of a Statesman—— I will go to the Play with my Sword in my Scabbard. *Exit L. Fop.*

T. Fas. Soh, Farewel Snuff-Box.

And now, Conscience, I despise thee.

Lory.

Enter Lory.

Lory. Sir.

T. Fas. Here's rare News, *Lory*: His Lordship has given me a Pill has purg'd off all my Scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at ease again: For I have been in a lamentable fright, Sir, ever since your Conscience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

T. Fas. Be at peace; it will come there no more: My Brother has given it a wring by the Nose, and I have kick'd it down Stairs. So run away to the Inn; get the Horses ready quickly, and bring 'em to Old Coupler's, without a moment's delay.

Lo. Then,

Virtue in Danger.

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Lo. Then, Sir, you are going strait about the Fortune.

T. Fas. I am; away; Fly, *Lory.*

Lo. The happiest Day I ever saw. I'm upon the Wing already.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

S C E N E, A Garden.

Enter Loveless and Servant.

Lov. IS my Wife within?

Ser. No, Sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

Lov. 'Tis well; leave me.

Solus.

Sure Fate has yet some business to be done,
Before *Amanda's* Heart and mine must rest:
Else, why amongst those Legions of her Sex,
Which throng the World,
Shou'd she pick out for her Companion
The only one on Earth,
Whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing.
Undoing was't, I said—— Who shall undo her?
Is not her Empire fix'd? Am I not hers?
Did she not rescue me, a grovelling Slave?
When chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice,
I labour'd in his vilest Drudgery,
Did she not ransom me, and set me free?
Nay more:
When by my Follies sunk
To a poor tatter'd despicable Beggar,
Did she not lift me up to envied Fortune?
Give me her self, and all that she possess?
Without a Thought of more Return,
Than what a poor repenting Heart might make her.
Hav'n't she done this? And if she has,
Am I not strongly bound to love her for it?
To Love her—— Why, do I not love her then?
By Earth and Heaven I do.
Nay, I have demonstration that I do:
For I wou'd sacrifice my Life to serve her.
Yet hold—— If laying down my Life
Be demonstration of my Love,
What is't I feel in favour of *Berinthia*?
For shou'd she be in danger, methinks I cou'd incline
To risque it for her Service too; and yet I do not love her.
How then subsists my Proof?——
——O, I have found it out.
What I wou'd do for one, is demonstration of my Love;

And if I'd do as much for t'other: If there is Demonstration of my Friendship——Ay——it must be so. I find I'm very much her Friend.

——Yet let me ask my self one puzzling Question more.

Whence Springs this mighty Friendship all at once?

For our Acquaintance is of later Date.

Now Friendship's said to be a Plant of tedious growth; its Root compos'd of tender Fibres, nice in their Taste, cautious in spreading, check'd with the least Corruption in the Soil; long e'er it take, and longer still e'er it appear to do so: Whilst mine is in a moment shot so high, and fix'd so fast, it seems beyond the Power of Storms to shake it. I doubt it thrives too fast. [Musing.]

Enter Berinthia.

——Ha, she here!—— Nay, then take heed my heart, for there are dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, Sir? I hope you are not ill?

Lov. I was debating, Madam, whether I was so or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a Matter to decide? I thought all people had been acquainted with their own Bodies, though few People know their own Minds.

Lov. What, if the Distemper, I suspect, be in the Mind?

Ber. Why, then I'll undertake to prescribe you a Cure.

Lov. Alas, you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then allow me to be a Physician.

Lov. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther: For I have reason to believe, should I put my self into your hands, you would increase my Distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have Reasons from the Colledge not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis possible I might find ways to give you often Ease, Sir.

Lov. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my Case before you.

Ber. Whither you are sure of it or no, what risque do you run in trying?

Lov. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Lov. You might betray my Distemper to my Wife.

Ber. And so lose all my Practice.

Lov. Will you then keep my Secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't burst me.

Lov. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Lov. By what?

Ber. By Woman.

Lov. That's swearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

Ber. By Man, then.

Lov. I'm satisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The first were these:

When

When 'twas my Chance to see you at the Play,
A randome Glance you threw, at first alarm'd me,
I cou'd not turn my eyes from whence the danger came :
I gaz'd upon you, 'till you shot again,
And then my Fears came on me.
My heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble,
My Blood grew thin, my Pulse beat quick,
My Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of Nature
Shook with Apprehension.

'Tis true, some small Recruits of Resolution
My Manhood brought to my Assistance,
And by their help I made a stand a while,
But found, at last your Arrows flew so thick,
They cou'd not fail to pierce me ;
So left the Field,

And fled for Shelter to *Amanda's Arms*.

What think you of these Symptoms, pray ?

Ber. Feverish every one of 'em.

But what relief pray did your Wife afford you ?

Lov. Why, instantly she let me Blood, which for the present much af-
swag'd my Flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and rag'd with
greater fury than before. Nay since you now appear, 'tis so encreas'd,
that in a moment if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, con-
sume to Ashes.

[*Taking hold of her hand.*

Ber. breaking from him.] O Lord, let me go : 'Tis the Plague, and we
shall all be infected.

Lov. catching her in his Arms and kissing her.] Then we'll dye together,
my Charming Angel.

Ber. O God—— the Devil's in you.

Lord, let me go, here's some body coming.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lady's come home, and desires to speak with you : She's
in her Chamber.

Lov. Tell her I'm coming.

[*Exit Serv.*

To Ber.] But before I go, one Glas of Nectar more to Drink her Health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.

Lov. Kissing her.] In matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to
be minded than a Man's.

Ber. Um——

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Ha ! What's here ? my old Mistrefs, and so close, I faith ? I wou'd
not spoil her sport for the Universe.

[*He retires.*

Ber. O God—— Now do I pray to Heaven, [Exit Loveless running.
With all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil
In Hell may take me, if ever—— I was better pleas'd in
My Life—— This Man has bewitch'd me, that's certain.

Sighing.]

The RELAPSE; or,

Sighing.] Well, I am Condemn'd ; but thanks to Heaven I feel
My self each Moment more and more prepar'd for my
Execution. Nay, to that degree, I don't perceive I have
The least fear of Dying. No, I find, let the——
Executioner be but a Man, and there's nothing will
Suffer with more Resolution than a Woman.
Well, I never had but one Intrigue yet:
But I confess I long to have another.
Pray Heaven it end as the first did tho',
That we may both grow weary at a time ;
For 'tis a Melancholy thing for Lovers to out-live one another.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. aside.] This Discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy use
on't. That Gentlewoman there is no Fool ; so I shall be able to make
her understand her Interest. *To Ber.*] Your Servant Madam, I need not
ask you how you do, you have got so good a Colour,

Ber. No better than I us'd to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more Blood in your Cheeks.

Ber. The Weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a Woman may have a Colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then?

Wor. Because the Weather's hot.

Ber. You'll never leave Roguing, I see that.

Wor. putting his Finger to his Nose.] You'll never leave—— I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you
mean?

Wor. Do you tell me it's the same thing?

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put
you in mind, That after what has pass'd twixt you and I, very few things
ought to be Secrets between us.

Ber. Why, what Secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you
would hide from me. You are fond of *Loveless*, which I have discover'd;
and I am fond of his Wife——

Ber. Which I have discover'd.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your Discovery to be true: What do you
say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess—— I wou'd swear 'twere false, if I thought you
were Fool enough to believe me.

Wor. Now am I almost in Love with you again. Nay, I don't know
but I might be quite so, had I made one short Campaign with *Amanda*.

There-

Therefore, if you find 'twould tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once more to your Lure, e'en help me quickly to dispatch her business, that I may have nothing else to do, but to apply my self to yours.

Ber. Do you then think, Sir, I am old enough to be a Bawd?

Wor. No, but I think you are wise enough to——

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gallant, that she mayn't see who is her Husband's Mistress.

Ber. aside. He has reason: The hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, Madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper Politician in these Affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your Advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the most easy, safe, and pleasant Situation for your own Amour, is the House in which you now are; provided you keep *Amanda* from any sort of Suspicion. That the way to do that is to engage her in an Intrigue of her own, making your self her Confident. And the way to bring her to Intrigue, is to make her Jealous of her Husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my Scheme, in short; which if you follow as you shou'd do (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all four pass the Winter very pleasantly.

Ber. Well, I cou'd be glad to have no body's Sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a necessity——

Wor. Right as you say, where there is a necessity, a Christian is bound to help his Neighbour. So good *Berinthia*, lose no time, but let us begin the Dance as fast as we can.

Ber. Not till the Fiddles are in Tune, pray Sir. Your Lady's strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if you'll have patience to screw 'em to the pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be play'd upon.

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable Musick too, or I'm mistaken; but have you had no private Closet Discourse with her yet about Males and Females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her Constitution; for I know her Morals are the Devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much Discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her Fondness to her Husband, the Fortress of her Virtue wou'd not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Wor. What? She runs, I'll warrant you, into that common mistake of Fond Wives, who conclude themselves Vertuous, because they can refuse a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 'tis a presumptuous thing in a Woman to assume the Name of Vertuous, till she has heartily hated her Husband, and been soundly in Love with somebody else. Whom, if she has withstood—— then—— much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, so much for her Virtue. Now, one word of her Inclinations, and every one to their Post. What Opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What

Ber. What you could wish ; she thinks your handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' still remember, there's a difficult Bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't question I shall get well over it, by the help of such a Pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your Pilot, she'll do the best she can ; so weigh Anchor and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under Sail already. Adieu.

Exit W.

Ber. Bon Voyage.

Sola.

So, here's fine Work. What a business have I undertaken ? I'm a very pretty Gentlewoman truly ; but there was no avoiding it : He'd have ruin'd me, if I had refus'd him. Besides, Faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleasure in carrying on another Bodies Intrigue, as ones own. This at least is certain, It exercises almost all the entertaining Faculties of a Woman. For there's employment for Hypocrisie, Invention, Deceit, Flattery, Mischief, and Lying.

Enter Amanda, her Woman following her.

Wom. If you please, Madam, only to say, whither you'll have me buy 'em or not ?

Amand. Yes, no, go fiddle ; I care not what you do ; Prithee leave me.

Wom. I have done.

[Exit Wom.]

Ber. What in the Name of *Jove's* the matter with you ?

Amand. The matter *Berinthia*, I'm almost mad, I'm plagu'd to Death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you ?

Amand. Who do you think shou'd plague a Wife, but her Husband ?

Ber. O ho, is it come to that ? We shall have you with your self a Widow by and by.

Amand. Wou'd I were any thing but what I am ; a base ungrateful Man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus !

Ber. What, he has been Ogling now, I'll warrant you ?

Amand. Yes, he has been Ogling.

Ber. And so you are Jealous ? Is that all ?

Amand. That all ! Is Jealousie then nothing ?

Ber. It shou'd be nothing, if I were in your Case.

Amand. Why, what wou'd you do ?

Ber. I'd cure my self.

Amand. How.

Ber. Let Blood in the Fond Vein : Care as little for my Husband, as he did for me.

Amand. That wou'd not stop his course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Castles in the Air, and Fume, and Fret, and grow Thin and Lean, and Pale and Ugly, if you please. But I tell you, no Man worth having, is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Amand. Do

Amand. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did but suspect him.

Ber. Think so? I know he's so.

Amand. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know.

Ber. Don't press me then to name Names, for that I have sworn I won't do.

Amand. Well I won't; but let me know all you can without Perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise Woman's dying of the Pip; and I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and shew upon occasion, you can be as good a Wife as the best of 'em.

Amand. Well, what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't stand trifling any longer, and teasing your self with this and that, and your Love and your Vertue, and I know not what. But resolve to hold up your Head, get a Tiptoe, and look over 'em all; for to my certain knowledge your Husband is a Pickering elsewhere.

Amand. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively; he fell in Love at the Play.

Amand. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but she's no such an ugly thing neither.

Amand. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Amand. Hey ho.

Ber. What do you Sigh for now?

Amand. Oh my Heart.

Ber. aside.] Only the Pangs of Nature; she's in Labour of her Love; Heaven send her a quick Delivery, I'm sure she has a good Midwife.

Amand. I'm very ill, I must go to my Chamber. Dear *Berinthia*, don't leave me a moment.

Ber. No, don't fear.

Aside.] I'll see you safe brought to Bed, I'll warrant you.

[Exeunt Amanda leaning upon Berinthia.]

SCENE, A Country House.

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

T. Fas. SO, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Possession. But methinks the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah's Ark*, as if the chief part on't were design'd for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of Building here; get but the Heiress, let the Devil take the House.

T. Fas. Get but the House, let the Devil take the Heiress, I say; at least if she be as old *Coupler* describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the Door. [*Lory knocks two or three times*] What the Devil, have they got no Ears in this House? Knock harder.

Lo. I Gad, Sir, this will prove some Inchant'd Castle; we shall have the

the Gyant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out.

T. Fas. Hush; they come.

[Knocks again.

From within.] Who is there?

Lo. Open the Door and see: Is that your Country Breeding?

Within. Ay, but two words to a Bargain: *Tunmar*, is the Blunderbus prim'd?

T. Fas. Oons, give 'em good words, *Lory*; we shall be shot here a Fortune carching.

Lo. I Gad, Sir, I think y'are in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What d'ye call 'um.

Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbus.] Weall, naw what's yare business?

T. Fas. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir *Tunbelly*, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir *Tunbelly*? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir *Tunbelly* pleases.

T. Fas. But will you do me the favour, Sir, to know whether Sir *Tunbelly* pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy weas, and ask Sir *Tunbelly* if he pleases to be waited upon. And do't hear? Call to Nurse, that she may lock up Miss *Hoyden* before the Geats open.

T. Fas. D'ye hear that, *Lory*?

Lo. Ay, Sir, I'm afraid we shall find a difficult Job on't. Pray Heaven that Old Rogue *Coupler* han't sent us to fetch Milk out of the Gunroom.

T. Fas. I'll warrant thee all will go well: See, the Door opens.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, with his Servants, Arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Sythes, &c.

Lo. running behind his Master.] O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we are both dead Men.

T. Fas. Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruine us.

Lo. My Fear, Sir; 'Sdeath, Sir, I fear nothing.

Aside.] Wou'd I were well up to the Chin in a Horse Pond.

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any business with me?

T. Fas. Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*.

Sir Tun. Sir, my Name is Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*, whither you have any business with me or not. So you see I am not ashamed of my Name—nor my Face neither.

T. Fas. Sir, you have no Cause, that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no Cause neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your Name, I shall not ask you to come into my House; and when I know your Name—'tis fix to four I don't ask you neither.

T. Fas. giving him a Letter.] Sir, I hope you'll find this Letter an Authentick Passport.

Sir Tun. Cod's my Life, I ask your Lordships Pardon Ten Thousand times. *To his Servants.*] Here, run in a-doors quickly: Get a Scotch Coal Fire in the great Parlour; set all the Turkey-work Chairs in their places; get the great Brass Candlesticks out, and be sure stick the Sockets full of Laurel, run.

Turn-

Turning to Y. Fas.] My Lord, I ask your Lordship's Pardon.
To other Servants.] And do you hear, run away to Nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again, and if it was not shifting-day, let her put on a clean Tucker, quick. *[Exeunt Servants confusedly.]*

To Y. Fas.] I hope your Honour will excuse the disorder of my Family, we are not us'd to receive Men of your Lordship's great Quality every day; pray where are your Coaches, and Servants, my Lord?

T. Fas. Sir, that I might give you and your fair Daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a-kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came away Post, with only one Servant.

Sir Tun. Your Lordship does me too much honour, it was exposing your Person to too much Fatigue and Danger, I protest it was; but my Daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it—— *Hoyden* has Charms.

T. Fas. Sir, I am not a Stranger to them, tho' I am to her. Common Fame has done her Justice.

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am Common Fame's very grateful humble Servant. My Lord—— my Girl's young, *Hoyden* is young, my Lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in Art, she has by Nature; what she wants in Experience, she has in Breeding; and what's wanting in her Age, is made good in her Constitution. So pray, my Lord, walk in; pray my Lord, walk in.

T. Fas. Sir, I wait upon you. *[Exeunt.]*

Miss Hoyden Sola.

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other Girls do, for all they think to make a Fool of me: It's well I have a Husband a coming, or I cod, Pd Marry the Baker, I wou'd so. No body can knock at the Gate, but presently I must be lockt up; and here's the young Greyhound Bitch can run loose about the house all day long, she can; 'tis very well.

Nurse without, opening the Door.

Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss; *Miss Hoyden.*

Enter Nurse.

Miss. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha? What do you din a Bodies Ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurse. What do I din your Ears for? Here's one come will din your Ears for you.

Miss. What care I who's come; I care not a Fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be lock'd up like the Ale-Cellar.

Nurse. That, Miss, is for fear you shou'd be drank before you are Ripe.

Miss. O, don't you trouble your head about that, I'm as Ripe as you, tho', not so Mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now have I a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my Lord to Night.

Miss. My Lord? Why is my Husband come?

Nurse. Yes marry is he, and a goodly Person too.

Miss hugging Nurse. O my dear *Nurse*, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the Back, and a great pinch by the Cheek.

Nurse. Ah the poor thing, see how it melts; it's as full of good Nature, as an Egg's full of Meat.

Miss. But, my dear *Nurse*, don't lie now; is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss. O Lord! I'll go put on my Lac'd Smock, tho' I'm whipt 'till the Blood run down my Heels for't.

Nurse. Eh—— the Lord succour thee, how thou art delighted?

[Exit running.]
[Exit after her.]

Enter Sir Tunbely, and Young Fashion. A Servant with Wine.

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am proud of the honour to see your Lordship within my Doors; and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome in a Cup of Sack Wine.

T. Fas. Sir, to your Daughter's Health.

[Drinks.]

Sir Tun. Ah poor Girl, she'll be fear'd out of her Wits on her Wedding Night; for, honestly speaking, she does not know a Man from a Woman, but by his Beard, and his Britches.

T. Fas. Sir, I don't doubt but she has a Virtuous Education, which with the rest of her Merit, makes me long to see her mine. I wish you would dispence with the Canonical Hour, and let it be this very Night.

Sir Tun. O not so soon neither; that's shooting my Girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair warning, we'll Sign and Seal to Night, if you please; and this Day seven-night—— let the Jade look to her Quarters.

T. Fas. This Day Sennight—— Why, what do you take me for a Ghost, Sir?

Slife, Sir, I'm made of Flesh and Blood, and Bones and Sinews, and can no more live a Week without your Daughter—— Than I can live a Month with her.

[Aside.]

Sir Tun. Oh, I'll warrant you my Hero, young Men are hot I know, but they don't boyl over at that rate, neither; besides, my Wenches Wedding Gown is not come home yet.

T. Fas. O no matter Sir, I'll take her in her Shift. [Aside. A Pox of this Old Fellow, he'll delay the business till my damn'd Star finds me out, and discovers me.]

To Sir Tun.] Pray, Sir, let it be done without Ceremony, 'twill save Money.

Sir Tun. Money—— Save Money when *Hoyden's* to be Married? Uddswoods I'll give my Wench a Wedding-Dinner, tho' I go to Grass with the King of *Affrica* for't; and such a Dinner it shall be, as is not to be Cook'd in the Poaching of an Egg. Therefore, my Noble Lord, have a little Patience, we'll go and look over our Deeds and Settlements immediately; and as for your Bride, tho' you may be sharp set before she's quite ready, I'll engage for my Girl, she stays your Stomach at last

[Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miss Hoyden, and Nurse.

Nurse. **W**ELL *Miss*, how do you like your Husband that is to be?

Miss. O Lord, *Nurse*, I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce contain my self.

Nurse. O but you must have a care of being too fond, for Men now a days hate a Woman that loves 'em.

Miss. Love him? Why do you think I love him, *Nurse*? I Cod I wou'd not care if he were hang'd, so I were but once Married to him—— No—— that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to *London*; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both *Nurse*, I Cod I'll flant it with the best of 'em.

Nurse. Look, look, if his Honour be not coming again to you; now if I were sure you would behave your self handsomly, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss. That's my best *Nurse*, do as you wou'd be done by, trust us together this once; and if I don't shew my Breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice Married, and die a Maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me——

Miss. Never fear, I'll shew him my Parts, I'll warrant him. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Sola. These Old Women are so wise when they get a poor Girl in their Clutches; but e'er it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter Young Fashion.

T. Faf. Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone; for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss. Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a Civill Answer.

T. Faf. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few words, what I think both for your Interest, and mine. Your Father, I suppose you know, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your Husband, and I hope I may depend upon your Consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss. Sir, I never disobey my Father in any thing, but eating of green Goosberries.

T. Faf. So good a Daughter must needs make an admirable Wife; I am therefore impatient 'till you are mine; and hope you will so far consider the violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to defer my Happiness so long as your Father designs it.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

T. Faf.

T. Fas. Madam, a thousand year—— a whole week.

Miss. A week—— why I shall be an old Woman by that time.

T. Fas. And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than 'other.

Miss. Why I thought 'twas to be to morrow morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure Nurse told me so.

T. Fas. And it shall be to morrow morning still, if you'll consent?

Miss. If I'll consent? Why I thought I was to obey you as my Husband.

T. Fas. That's when we are Married; 'till then, I am to obey you.

Miss. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing; I'll obey you now, and when we are Married, you shall obey me.

T. Fas. With all my heart, but I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miss. No more we shan't indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, and wou'd always be a Preaching to her by his good will.

T. Fas. Why then my dear little Bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing.

T. Fas. How's that?

Miss. Why tell her she's a wholesome comely Woman—— and give her half a Crown.

T. Fas. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemmini, for half that, she'd Marry you her self: I'll run and call her.

[*Exit Miss.*]

Young Fashion Solus.

So, Matters go swimmingly, this is a rare Girl, I faith; I shall have a fine time on't with her at *London*. I'm much mistaken, if she don't prove a *March Hare* all the year round. What a scampering Chase will she make on't, when she finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her Tail! Hey to the Park, and the Play, and the Church, and the Devil; she'll shew 'em sport I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, she brings an Estate will afford me a separate Maintenance.

Enter Miss, and Nurse.

T. Fas. How do you do, good Mistress Nurse; I desir'd your young Lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care and Conduct in her Education; pray accept of this small Acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her Husband.

Nurse aside.] Gold by makings, your Honour's goodness is too great; alas, all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good Milk, and so your Honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suckt it—— Eh, God's Blessing on the sweet Face on't; how it us'd to hang at this poor Tett, and suck and squeeze, and kick and sprawl it wou'd, till the Belly on't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

[*Miss to Nurse, taking her angrily aside.*]

Pray one word with you; prithee Nurse don't stand ripping up Old Stories,

ries, to make one ashamed before one's Love; do you think such a fine proper Gentleman as he, cares for a fiddlecome Tale of a draggle-tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman; don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now.

To *T. Fas.*] I hope your Honour will excuse my misnamers to whisper before you, it was only to give some Orders about the Family.

T. Fas. O every thing, Madam, is to give way to Business; besides, good Housewifery is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

Miss. Pray Sir, are the young Ladies good House-wives at London Town? Do they darn their own Linnen?

T. Fas. O no, they study how to spend Money, not to save it.

Miss. I Cod, I don't know but that may be better sport than to'ther, ha, Nurse.

T. Fas. Well, you shall have your Choice when you come there.

Miss. Shall I — then by my troth I'll get there as fast as I can.

To *Nurse.*] His Honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be Married to Morrow.

Nurse. To Morrow, my dear Madam?

T. Fas. Yes, to Morrow sweet Nurse; privately; young Folks you know are impatient, and Sir *Tunbelly* would make us stay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner. Now all things being Sign'd, and Seal'd, and Agreed, I fancy there could be no great harm in practising a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better assurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurse. Nay, I must confess stoln Pleasures are sweet; but if you shou'd be Married now, what will you do when Sir *Tunbelly* calls for you to be Wedd?

Miss. Why then we'll be Married again.

Nurse. What, twice my Child?

Miss. I Cod, I don't care how often I'm Married, not I.

T. Fas. Pray Nurse don't you be against your young Lady's good; for by this means she'll have the pleasure of two Wedding-Days.

Miss to Nurse softly.] And of two Wedding-Nights too, Nurse.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender hearted Fool, I find I can refuse nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own Inventions.

Miss. Shall I?

[*Aside.*

O Lord, I could leap over the Moon.

T. Fas. Dear Nurse, this goodness of yours shan't go unrewarded; but now you must imploy your power with Mr. *Bull* the Chaplain, that he may do us his Friendly Office too, and then we shall all be happy; do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him — or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss. My Lord, she has had him upon the hip this seven year.

T. Fas. I'm glad to hear it; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat Livings in my Gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse.

Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him Marry more Folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss. Faith do *Nurse*, make him Marry you too, I'm sure he'll do't for a fat Living; for he loves Eating, more than he loves his Bible; and I have often heard him say, a fat Living was the best Meat in the World.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too, or I'll bring his Gown to a Cassock, I will so.

T. Faf. Well *Nurse*, whilst you go and settle Matters with him, then your Lady and I will go take a walk in the Garden.

Nurse. I'll do your Honour's business in the catching up of a Garter.

[Exit *Nurse*.]

T. Faf. Giving her his Hand.] Come, Madam, dare you venture your self alone with me?

Miss. O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Amanda, and Berinthia.

A S O N G.

I.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The Charming Cynthia cry'd;
Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain reply'd.
Once free and blest as you are now,
I tris'd with his Charms,
I pointed at his Little Bow,
And sported with his Arms:
'Till urg'd too far, Revenge he crys,
A Fatal Shaft he drew,
It took its passage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

II.

To tear it thence, I try'd in vain,
To strive, I quickly found,
Was only to encrease the Pain,
And to enlarge the Wound.
Ah! much too well I fear you know
What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone could do,
Your Heart alone can Cure.
And that (grant Heaven I may mistake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A Burthen for another's sake,
Who ill Rewards its Care.

Amand. Well, now *Berinthia*, I'm at leisure to hear what 'twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to Echo the Sighs and Groans of a dying Lover.

Amand. Phu, will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please: for my part, I only tell you matter of fact, you may take it which way you like best; but if you'll follow the Women of the Town, you'll take it both ways; for when a Man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in jest, and then she takes him in earnest.

Amand. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me, I scarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you,
for

for more Reasons than I'll brag of; but quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffer'd upon your account.

Amand. Upon my account.

Ber. Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to sit still and hear you commended for two hours together, without one Compliment to my self; now don't you think a Woman had a blessed time of that?

Amand. Alas! I shou'd have been unconcern'd at it; I never knew where the pleasure lay of being prais'd by the Men; but pray who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal aversion to, Mr. *Worthy*; he us'd you like a Text, he took you all to pieces, but spoke so learnedly upon every Point, one might see the Spirit of the Church was in him; if you are a Woman, you'd have been in an Extasie to have hear'd how feelingly he handled your Hair, your Eyes, your Nose, your Mouth, your Teeth, your Tongue, your Chin, your Neck, and so forth. Thus he preach'd for an hour, but when he came to use an Application, he observ'd that all these, without a Gallant, were nothing. Now consider of what has been said, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in practice.

Amand. Alas! *Ber.* *Am.* I did I imagine to a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man so nice as he, could have the least concern for such a plain unpolish'd thing as I am? it is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Amand. Indeed that was not my design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do it; I'll leave that to your Looking-glass. But to show you I have some good Nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Amand. You have a great mind to perswade me I am in Love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to perswade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Amand. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be, so let that pass; but you were saying something you wou'd commend him for.

Ber. O you'd be glad to hear a good Character of him, however.

Amand. Psha.

Ber. Psha—— Well 'tis a foolish undertaking for Women in these kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another—— Have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

Amand. What then?

Ber. Why then I understand my Trade so well, that when ever I am told of a Man I like, I cry, Psha; but that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: That though 'tis possible he may have had Women with as good faces as your Ladyship's (no discredit to it neither) yet you must know your cautious Behaviour, with that reserve in your Humour, has given him his Death's wound; he mortally hates a Coquett; he says 'tis impossible to Love where we cannot esteem; and that no Woman can be esteem'd by a Man who has sense, if she makes her self cheap in the

eye of a Fool. That Pride to a Woman, is as necessary as Humility to a Divine; and that far fetch'd, and dear bought, is meat for Gentlemen, as well as for Ladies—In short, that every Woman who has Beauty, may let a price upon her self, and that by under-selling the Market, they ruine the Trade. This is his Doctrine, how do you like it?

Amand. So well, that since I never intend to have a Gallant for my self, if I were to recommend one to a Friend, he should be the Man.

Enter Worthy.

Bless me! he's here; pray Heaven he did not hear me!

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation; your thoughts are as safe in his Heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unreasonable time of Night, Ladies; I hope if I'm troublesome, you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Amand. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. Lovelace is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to Night; for he told me about half an hour ago, he was going to Sup with some Company, he doubted would keep him out 'till three or four a Clock in the Morning, and desir'd I would let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him; but my Fellow's a Blunder-head; so lest he should make some mistake, I thought it my duty to deliver the message myself.

Amand. I'm very sorry he should give you that trouble, Sir. But—

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

Amand. Cousin, you know you command my House.

Wor. to Ber.] And, Madam, you know you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched Gamester.

Ber. O you play well enough to lose your Money, and that's all the Ladies require; so without any more Ceremony, let us go into the next Room, and call for the Cards.

Amand. With all my heart.

[Exit Wor. leading Amand.]

Ber. sola.] Well, how this Business will end, Heaven knows; but she seems to me to be in as fair a way—as a Boy is to be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney.

[Exit Berinthia.]

SCENE Berinthia's Chamber.

Enter Lovelace cautiously in the dark.

Lov. So, thus far all's well. I'm got into her Bed-Chamber, and I think no body has perceiv'd me steal into the House; my Wife don't expect me home 'till four a Clock; so if Berinthia comes to Bed by Eleven, I shall have a Chase of five hours; let me see, where shall I hide my self? Under her Bed? No; we shall have her Maid searching there for something or other; her Closet's a better place, and I have a Master Key will open it; I'll e'en in there, and attack her just when she comes to her Prayers, that's the most

most likely to prove her Critical Minute, for then the the Devil will be there to assist me. *[He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the door after him.]*

Enter Berinthia with a Candle in her Hand.

Ber. Well, sure I am the best Natur'd Woman in the World, I that love Cards so well (there is but one thing upon Earth I love better) have pretended Letters to write; to give my Friends—— a Tate a Tate; however, I'm innocent, for Picquet is the Game I set 'em to; at her own Peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with my self? I don't know how in the world to pass my time; wou'd *Lovelace* were here to badiner a little; well, he's a Charming Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's so fond of him; what if I should sit down and think of him till I fall asleep, and dream of the Lord knows what? O but then if I should dream we were married, I should be frightned out of my Wits.

What's this Book? I think I had best go Read. O Splenatique! it's a Sermon; well, I'll go into my Closet, and Read the *Plotting Sisters*.

[She opens the Closet, sees Lovelace, and shrieks out.]

O Lord, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost.

Enter Lovelace running to her.

Lov. Peace, my Dear, it's no Ghost, take it in your Arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again, there's some body coming.

Enter her Maid.

Maid. Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Ber. O Heav'ns! I'm almost frighted out of my Wits, I thought verily I had seen a Ghost, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain, with a black Hood pinn'd up against it; you may be gone again, I am the fearful 'st Fool.

Exit Maid, Re-enter Lovelace.

Lov. Is the Coast clear?

Ber. The Coast clear! I suppose you are clear, you'd never play such a trick as this else.

Lov. I'm very well pleas'd with my trick thus far, and shall be so 'till I have play'd it out, if it be in your fault; where's my Wife?

Ber. At Cards.

Lov. With whom?

Ber. With *Worthy*.

Lov. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. Are you so? Some Husbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at Cards with their Wives.

Lov. And they'd be in the right on't too. But I dare trust mine—— Besides, I know he's in Love in another place, and he's not one of those who Court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is at being engag'd with us, but 'twas my malice, I fancy'd he was to meet his Mistress somewhere else, so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Lov. What says *Amanda* to my staying abroad so late?

Ber. Why she's as much out of humour as he, I believe they wish one another at the Devil.

Lo. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and soon throw up the Cards;

Therefore, my Dear Charming Angel, let us make a good use of our time.

Ber. Heavens, what do you mean? *[Offering to pull her into the Closet.]*

Lo. Pray what do you think I mean? *Ber.* I don't know.

Lo. I'll shew you. *Ber.* You may as well tell me.

Lo. No, that would make you blush worse than I other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Lo. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it shall be in the dark.

Ber. O Heavens! I would not be in the Dark with you for all the World.

Lo. I'll try that. *[Pulling her.]*

Ber. O Lord! are you mad? What shall I do for Light? *[Putting out the Candles.]*

Lo. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a Chair to sit down?

Lo. Come into the Closet, Madam, there's Moon shine upon the Couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

Lo. Then you must be carried. *[Carrying her.]*

Ber. Help, help, I'm Ravish'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord, I shall never

be able to bear it. *[Every softly.]*

SCENE Sir Tumbleby's House.

Enter Miss Hoyden, Nurse, Y. Fashion, and Bull.

Y. Fas. This quick dispatch of yours, *Mr. Bull*, I take so kindly, it shall give you a claim to my Favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss. And to mine too, I promise you.

Bull. I most humbly thank your Honours; and I hope, since it has been my Lot to join you in the Holy Bands of Wedlock, you will so well Cultivate the Soil, which I have crav'd a Blessing on, that your Children may swarm about you, like Bees about a Honey Comb.

Miss. I God with all my Heart, the more the merrier, I say, ha, Nurse?

[Enter Lory taking his Master hastily aside.]

Lo. One word with you, for Heaven's sake.

Y. Fas. What the Devil's the matter?

Lo. Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd; and I don't think your Life's worth a quarter of an Hour's Purchase: Yonder's your Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and six Horses, twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth Four score Pound, and a Perriwig down to his Knees; so judge what will become of your Lady's Heart.

Y. Fas. Death and Furies, 'tis impossible!

Lo. Friends and Spectres, Sir, 'tis true.

Y. Fas. Is he in the House yet?

Lo. No, they are Capitulating with him at the Gate; the Porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miss Hoyden, and has Coke'd the Blunderbuss.

derbush at him; your Brother Swears Gad Damme, they are a parcel of Clawns, and he has a good mind to break off the Match; but they have given the Word for Sir Tunbelly, so I doubt all will come out presently. Pray Sir resolve what you'll do this moment, for I Gad they'll maul you.

T. Fash. Stay a little. [*To Miss.* My Dear, there's a troublesome business my Man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an Impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss. O the Brazen fac'd Varlet, it's well we are Married, or may be we might never have been so.

T. Fash. Aside. I Gad, like enough: Pristhee, dear Doctor, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the Gate, before I speak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good Lord— [Exit Bull.]

Nurse. An't please your Honour, my Lady and I had best lock our selves up till the danger be over.

T. Fash. Ay, by all means.

Miss. Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more. I'm Marry'd.

T. Fash. Yes, pray my Dear do, till we have seiz'd this Rascal.

Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing. [Exit Miss and Nurse.]

T. Fash. O! here's Sir Tunbelly coming. [*To Lo.*] Hark you, Sirrah, things are better than you imagine, the Wedding's over.

Lo. The Devil it is, Sir.

T. Fash. Not a word, all's safe: But Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolv'd to brazen the Business out, and have the Pleasure of turning the Impostor upon his Lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, Chap. and Servants Arm'd.

T. Fash. Did you ever hear, Sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir Tun. Never, by the Mass, but we'll tickle him I'll warrant him.

T. Fash. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many People with him disguised like Servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, Rogues, enough; but I'll soon raise the Posse upon 'em.

T. Fash. Sir, if you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find whoever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without Suspicion; and as soon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Draw-bridge upon his Back, let fly the Blunderbush to disperse his Crew, and so commit him to Goal.

Sir Tun. I Gad, your Lordship is an ingenious Person, and a very great General, but shall we kill any of 'em or not?

T. Fash. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright 'em, I'll warrant the Regiment scours when the Collonel's a Prisoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along my Boys, and let your Courage be great for your Danger is but small.

[Exit
SCENE]

The RELAPSE; or,

SCENE, the Gate.

Enter Lord Foppington and Followers.

L. Fop. A Pax of these Bumkinly People, will they open the Gate, or do they desire I should grow at their Moar-side like a Willow? [*To the Porter*] Hey, Fellow——Prithee do me the Favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thy self, to tell me whether thy Master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach and be gone.

Por. Here's my Master himself now at hand; he's of Age, he'll give you his Answer.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, and Servants.

Sir Tun. My most noble Lord, I crave your pardon, for making your Honour wait so long; but my Orders to my Servants have been to admit no body, without my knowledge; for fear of some Attempts upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

L. Fop. Much Caution, I must confess, is a Sign of great Wisdom: But, stop my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to destroy a Porter——He, hem——

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but if your Lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some Brown Sugar-Candy. My Lord, I'll shew you the way.

L. Fop. Sir, I follow you with Pleasure.

[*Exeunt, As Lord Foppington's Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door against La Verrole.*]

Servants within. Nay, hold you me there, Sir.

La Ver. Jernie, qu'estce que veut dire ca?

Sir Tun within. Fire, Porter.

Porter Fires. Have among ye, my Masters.

La Ver. Ah Je suis mort——

[*The Servants all run off.*]

Port. Not one Soldier left, by the Mafs.

SCENE Changes to the Hall.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, the Chaplain and Servants, with Lord Foppington Disarm'd.

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. Fop. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen, is it Fair time, that you are all drunk before Dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah? here's an Impudent Rogue for you; Drunk or Sober, Bully, I'm a Justice of the Peace, and know how to deal with Strolers.

L. Fop. Strolers!

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers; come, give an Account of your self; what's your Name, where do you live? Do you pay Scott and Lott? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite? Come.

L. Fop.

L. Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent Questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have done with you, you Rascal you.

L. Fop. Before Gad, all the Answer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old Fellow; stop my Vitals——

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for Joaking with Deputy Lieutenants, we'll know how to deal with you: Here, draw a Warrant for him immediately.

L. Fop. A Warrant—— what the Devil is't thou would'st be at, Old Gentleman?

Sir Tun. I would be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands were not ty'd as a Magistrate) and with these two double Fists, beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog you.

L. Fop. And why would'st thou spoil my Face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your design to Rob me of my Daughter, Villain.

L. Fop. Rab thee of thy Daughter—— Now I do begin to believe I am a Bed and a sleep, and that all this is but a Dream—— If it be, 'twill be an agreeable surprise enough, to waken by and by; and instead of the impertinent Company of a Nasty Country Justice, find my self, perhaps in the Arms of a Woman of Quality—— [*To Sir Tun.*] Prithee, Old Father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one Question?

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, 'till I know what it is.

L. Fop. Why, then it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington to come down and Marry thy Daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry did I; and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall Marry my Daughter, before she's a Day older.

L. Fop. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This Fellow's mad—— here, bind him Hand and Foot.

[*They bind him down.*]

L. Fop. Nay, prithee, Knight, leave fooling, thy Jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad—— Bread and Water, a Dark Room and a Whip may bring him to his Senses again.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] I Gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent Dreams that ever I dreamt in my Life.

Enter Miss and Nurse. [*Miss going up to him.*]

Miss. Is this he that would have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of Sweets! Pray, Father, let him be dragg'd through the Horse-Pond.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] This must be my Wife by her Natural Inclination to her Husband.

Miss. Pray, Father, what do you intend to do with him, hang him?

Sir Tun. That, at least, Child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] Madam la Gouvernante, I presume, hitherto this appears

to me, to be one of the most extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, Daughter?

Miss. He's just coming, Sir.

L. Fop. Aside.] My Lord—— What does he mean by that now?

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Seeing him.] Stap my Vitals, *Tam*, now the Dream's out.

T. Fash. Is this the Fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your Daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune?

T. Fash. I find by his Dress, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

Miss. O gemmeni, Is this a Beau? let me see him again—— ha! I find a Beau's no such an ugly thing neither.

T. Fash. I gad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to Goal.

To L. Fop.] Sir, tho' your undertaking shews you are a Person of no extraordinary Modesty, I suppose you han't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me?

L. Fop. Strike him dumb, *Tam*, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Nurse. Look if the Varlet has not the Frontery to call his Lordship plain *Thomas*.

Bull. The business is, he would feign himself Mad, to avoid going to Goal.

L. Fop. Aside.] That must be the Chaplain, by his Unfolding of Mysteries.

Sir Tun. Come, is the Warrant writ? *Cler.* Yes, Sir.

Sir Tun. Give me the Pen, I'll sign it—— So, now Constable away with him.

L. Fop. Hold one moment—— Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord *Foppington*, shall I beg one Word with your Lordship?

Nurse. O ho, it's my Lord with him now; see how Afflictions will humble Folks.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your Ear off.

L. Fop. I am not altogether so Hungry, as your Ladyship is pleas'd to imagine.

To T. Fash.] Look you, *Tam*, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's past, and accept of the Five Thousand Pounds I offer; thou may'st live in extream Splendour with it; stap my Vitals.

T. Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a Disease than to Cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have secur'd your Mistress; twice as much won't redeem her.

[Leaving him.]

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

T. Fash.

T. Fash. Only the Rascal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go with a Pox to him: Lead on, Constable.

L. Fop. One word more, and I have done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this rate, after thou art condemned; but speak once for all.

L. Fop. Why then once for all; I have at last luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who, I believe, cannot live far from this place, (if he were here) would satisfy you, I am *Navelty*, Baron of *Foppington*, with Five Thousand Pounds a Year, and that Fellow there a Rascal, not worth a Groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honest Gentleman you are so well acquainted with? *To T. Fash.* Come, Sir, we shall hamper him.

L. Fop. 'Tis Sir *John Friendly*.

Sir Tun. So, he lives within half a Mile, and came down into the Country but last Night; this bold-fac'd Fellow thought he had been at *London* still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his Colours: I'll send for Sir *John* immediately: Here, Fellow, away presently, and desire my Neighbour he'll do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary occasion; and in the mean while you had best secure this Sharper in the *Gate-House*.

Const. An't please your Worship, he may chance to give us the slip thence: If I were worthy to advise, I think the Dog-kennel's a surer place.

Sir Tun. With all my Heart, any where.

L. Fop. Nay, for Heaven's sake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Cloaths.

Sir Tun. O when you have Married my Daughter, her Estate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

L. Fop. A Dirty Country Justice, is a barbarous Magistrate; flap my Vitals—

[Exit Constable with Lord Foppington.]

T. Fash. Aside. I gad, I must prevent this Knight's coming, or the House will grow soon too hot to hold me.

To Sir Tun. Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble Sir *John* upon this impertinent Fellow's desire: I'll send and call the Messenger back—

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart; for to be sure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I met Sir *John* just lighting at the Gate, he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wish.

T. Fash. Aside. The Devil it does: *Lory*, you see how things are, here will be a discovery presently, and we shall have our Brains beat out; for my Brother will be sure to Swear he don't know me; therefore run into the Stable, take the two first Horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the Back-Door, and we'll away immediately.

Lor. What, and leave your Lady, Sir?

T. Fash. There's no Danger in that, as long as I have taken Possession, I shall

shall know how to treat with 'em well enough, if once I am out of their Reach: Away, I'll steal after thee. *[Exit Lory, his Master follows]*

[him out at one Door, as Sir John enters at t'other.]

Enter Sir John.

Sir Tun. Sir John, you are the welcom'st Man alive; I had just sent a Messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary occasion—we are all in Arms here.

Sir John. How so?

Sir Tun. Why you must know—a finical sort of a tawdry Fellow here (I don't know who the Devil he is, not I) hearing, I suppose, that the Match was concluded between my Lord Foppington, and my Girl Haylen, comes impudently to the Gate, with a whole pack of Rogues in Liveries, and would have past upon me for his Lordship; but what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the head of his Guards, takes him by the Throat, strikes up his heels, binds him hand and foot, dispatches a Warrant, and commits him Prisoner to the Dog-kennel.

Sir Jo. So, but how do you know but this was my Lord? for I was told he set out from London the Day before me, with a very fine Retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

Sir Tun. Why now to show you how many Lies people raise in that damn'd Town, he came two Nights ago Post, with only one Servant, and is now in the House with me; but you don't know the Cream of the Jest yet, this same Rogue (that lies yonder Neck and Heels among the Hounds) thinking you were out of the Country, quotes you for his Acquaintance, and said, if you were here, you'd justice him to be Lord Foppington, and I know not what.

Sir Jo. Pray will you let me see him?

Sir Tun. Ay, that you shall presently—here, fetch the Prisoner.

[Exit Servant.]

Sir Jo. I wish there be'n't some mistake in this business, where's my Lord? I know him very well.

Sir Tun. He was here just now; see for him, Doctor, tell him Sir John is here to wait upon him. *[Exit Chaplain.]*

Sir Jo. I hope, Sir Tunbelly, the young Lady is not Married yet.

Sir Tun. No, things won't be ready this week; but why do you say, you hope she is not Married?

Sir Jo. Some foolish fancies only, perhaps I'm mistaken.

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his Lordship is just Rid out to take the Air.

Sir Tun. To take the Air! Is that his London Breeding to go take the Air, when Gentlemen come to visit him?

Sir Jo. 'Tis possible he might want it, he might not be well, some sudden Qualm perhaps.

Enter Constable, &c. with Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. Stap my Vitals, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir John running to him.] My dear Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. Dear Friendly, thou art come in the Critical Minute, strike me dumb.

Sir Jo.

Sir Jo. Why, I little thought I shou'd have found you in Fetters.
L. Fop. Why truly the World must do me the justice to confess I do use to appear a little more degage; but this Old Gentleman, not liking the freedom of my Air, has been pleas'd to Skewer down my Arms like a Rabbit.

* *Sir Tun.* Is it then possible that this shou'd be the true Lord Foppington at last?

L. Fop. Why, what do you see in his Face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many Lords as I have done, you wou'd not think it impossible a Person of a worse Taille than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

Sir Tun. Unbind him, Slaves: my Lord, I'm truck dumb, I can only beg pardon by Signs; but if a Sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back—Away, I say, a Dog-oons—I'll cut off his Ears and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his Skin over his Head—and—and—and what shall I do more?

Sir Jo. He does indeed deserve to be made an Example of.

L. Fop. He does deserve to be Chartre, flap my Vitals.

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon?

L. Fop. Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe, that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

Sir Tun. *Hoyden*, come hither *Hoyden*.

L. Fop. *Hoyden* is her Name, Sir?

Sir Tun. Yes, my Lord.

L. Fop. The prettiest Name for a Song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My Lord—here's my Girl, she's yours, she has a wholesome Body, and a Vertuous Mind; she's a Woman compleat, both in Flesh and in Spirit; she has a Bag of Mill'd Crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stich'd fast to her Tail; so go thy ways *Hoyden*.

L. Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy Man. I bless Heaven, and if your Lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at *Christmas*, be very drunk by way of thanksgiving; come, my Noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready; if your Honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the Attack of a Venison Pasty. [Exit *Sir Tun*.]

L. Fop. Sir, I wait upon you: Will your Ladyship do me the favour of your Little Finger, Madam?

Miss. My Lord, I'll follow you presently, I have a little business with my Nurse.

L. Fop. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant; come *Sir John*, the Ladies have *des affaires*. [Exit *L. Fop.* and *Sir John*.]

Miss. So Nurse, we are finely brought to Bed, what shall we do now?

Nurse. Ah dear Miss, we are all undone; Mr. *Bull*, you were us'd to help a Woman to a Remedy. [Crying.]

Bull. A lack a day, but it's past my Skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurse. Who wou'd have thought that ever your Invention shou'd have been drain'd so dry.

Miss. Well, I have often thought old folks Fools, and now I'm sure they are so; I have found a way my self to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear Lady, what's that?

Miss. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what's past, I'll e'en Marry this Lord too.

Nurse. What! two Husbands, my Dear?

Miss. Why you have had three, good Nurse, you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not altogether, sweet Child.

Miss. Psha, if you had, you'd ne'er a thought much on't.

Nurse. O but 'tis a Sin——Sweeting.

Bull. Nay that's my business to speak to, Nurse; I do confess, to take two Husbands for the satisfaction of the Flesh, is to commit the Sin of Exorbitancy; but to do it for the Peace of the Spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of Physick; besides, to prevent a Parent's Wrath, is to avoid the Sin of Disobedience; for when the Parent's angry, the Child is froward. So that upon the whole Matter, I do think, tho' Miss shou'd Marry again, she may be sav'd.

Miss. I Cod, and I will Marry again then, and so there's an end of the Story.

ACT V. SCENE. *London.*

Enter Coupler, young Fashion, and Lory.

Coup. **W**ELL, and so Sir *John* coming in——

T. Fas. And so Sir *John* coming in, I thought it might be manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on Horseback as fast as I cou'd, rid away as if the Devil had been at the Reer of me; what has happen'd since, Heav'n knows.

Coup. I gad Sirrah, I know as well as Heaven.

T. Fas. What do you know?

Coup. That you are a Cuckold.

T. Fas. The Devil I am? By who?

Coup. By your Brother.

T. Fas. My Brother! which way?

Coup. The old way, he has lain with your Wife.

T. Fas. Hell and Furies, what dost thou mean?

Coup. I mean plainly, I speak no Parable.

T. Fas. Plainly! thou dost not speak common sense, I cannot understand one word thou say'st.

Coup. You will do soon, Youngster. In short, you left your Wife a Widow, and she Married again.

T. Fas.

T. Faf. It's a Lye.

Coup. — I Cod, if I were a young fellow, I'd break your head, Sirrah.

T. Faf. Dear Dad, don't be angry, for I'm as Mad as Tom of Bedlam.

Coup. Then I had fitted you with a Wife, you shoud have kept her.

T. Faf. But is it possible the young Strumpet cou'd play me such a Trick?

Coup. A young Strumpet, Sir — can play twenty tricks.

T. Faf. But prithee instruct me a little farther, whence comes thy Intelligence?

Coup. From your Brother, in this Letter; there, you may Read it.

[Young Fashion Reads.]

Dear Coupler,

Pulling off? I Have only time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts, his Hat. } that here has been the Devil; that Rascal Tam, having stole the Letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbely, form'd a damnable design upon my Mistress, and was in a fair way of success when I arriv'd. But, after having suffer'd some Indignities, (in which I have all daub'd my Embroider'd Coat) I put him to flight. I sent out a Party of Horse after him, in hopes to have made him my Prisoner, which if I had done, I wou'd have qualify'd him for the Seraglio, stop my Vitals.

The danger I have thus narrowly 'scapt, has made me fortifie my self against further attempts, by entring immediately into an Association with the young Lady, by which we engage to stand by one another, as long as we both shall live.

In short, the Papers are Seal'd, and the Contract is Sign'd, so the business of the Lawyer is Achiev'd, but I defer the Divine part of the thing till I arrive at London; not being willing to Consummate in any other Bed but my own.

Postscript.

'Tis possible I may be in Towne as soon as this Letter, for I find the Lady is so violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the dispatch that is practicable, without disordering my Coach-Horses.

So, here's rare work, I faith.

Lory. I gad, Miss Hoyden has lay'd about her bravely.

Coup. I think my Country Girl has play'd her part as well, as if she had been born and bred in St. James's Parish.

T. Faf. — That Rogue the Chaplain.

Lor. And then that Jade the Nurse, Sir.

T. Faf. And then that drunken Set Lory, Sir, that cou'd not keep himself sober, to be a Witness to the Marriage.

Lo. Sir — with respect — I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.

T. Faf. Hold your prating Sirrah, or I'll break your head, dear Coupler, what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done, 'till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

T. Faf.

T. Fas. Bride, and Bridegroom! Death and Furies, I can't bear that thou should'st call 'em so.

Coup. Why what shall I call 'em, Dog and Cat?

T. Fas. Not for the World, that sounds more like Man and Wife than other.

Coup. Well, if you'll hear of 'em in no Language, we'll leave 'em for the Nurse and the Chaplain.

T. Fas. The Devil and the Witch. *Coup.* When they come to Town—

Lo. We shall have stormy weather.

Coup. Will you hold your tongues Gentlemen, or not?

Lo. Mum.

Coup. I say when they come, we must find what stuff they are made of, whether the Church-Man be chiefly compos'd of the Flesh, or the Spirit; I presume the former. For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he eats three pound of Beef to the reading of one Chapter. This gives him Carnal desires, he wants Money, Preferment, Wine, a Whore; therefore we must invite him to Supper, give him fat Capons, Sack and Sugar, a Purse of Gold, and a plump Sister. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my Boy, he speaks Truth like an Oracle.

T. Fas. Thou art a profound Statesman! allow it; but how shall we gain the Nurse?

Coup. O never fear the Nurse, if once you have got the Priest, for the Devil always Rides the Hag. Well, there's nothing more to be said of the Matter at this time, that I know of; so let us go and enquire, if there's any news of our People yet, perhaps they may be come. But let me tell you one thing by the way, Sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle Fellow, if thou had'st behav'd thy self as thou should'st have done, the Girl wou'd never have left thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE Berinthia's Apartment.

Enter her Maid passing the Stage, followed by Worthy.

Wor. Hem, Mrs. Abigail, is your Mistress to be spoken with?

Ab. By you, Sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her spoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, Sir.

[Exit Ab.]

Worthy Solus.

One list more I must perswade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. Well, a young Bawd and a handsome one for my Money, 'tis they do the Execution; I'll never go to an old one, but when I have occasion for a Witch. Lewdness looks Heavenly to a Woman, when an Angel appears in its Cause; but when a Hag is Advocate, she thinks it comes from the Devil. An Old Woman has something so terrible in her looks, that whilst she is perswading your Mistress to forget she has a Soul, she stares Hell and Damnation full in her face.

Enter

Enter Berinthia.
Ber. Well Sir, what News bring you?
Wor. No News, Madam, there's a Woman going to Cuckold her Husband.

Ber. Amanda?
Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be more than a God speed, or your Charity won't be worth a farthing.

Ber. Why can't I done enough already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the matter?

Wor. The Lady has a scruple still, which you must remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her Virtue—she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her Virtue; it's some Relicks of lawful Love; she is not yet fully satisfy'd her Husband has got another Mistress, which unless I can convince her of, I have open'd the Trenches in vain; for the Breach must be wider, before I dare storm the Town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your Engineer?

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the Battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a Mine? I have a Thought just now come into my head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That would be a Thought indeed.

Ber.— Faith I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it shall be: We are all Invited to my Lord *Foppington's* to Night to Supper, he's come to Town with his Bride, and makes a Ball, with an Entertainment of Musick. Now you must know, my Under here, *Lovelace*, says he must needs meet me about some private business (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the Company. To which end, he has told his Wife one Lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn Truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her; that to my certain knowledge, her Husband has a Rendezvous with his Mistress this Afternoon; and that if she'll give me her word, she'll be satisfied with the discovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman, I'll direct her to a place, where she shall see 'em meet.

Now, Friend, this I fancy may help you to a Critical Minute. For Home she must go again to Dress. You (with your good Breeding) come to wait upon us to the Ball, find her all alone, her Spirit inflam'd against her Husband for his Treason, and her Flesh in a heat from some Contemplations upon the Treachery, her Blood on a Fire, her Conscience in fee; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive—— Ah poor *Amanda*.

W. kneeling. Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee?

Ber. Thou Minister of Darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the Devil at his Devotions.

Wor. Well,

Wor. Well, my incomparable *Berinthia*—How I shall requite you—

Ber. O ne'er trouble your self about that: Virtue is its own Reward: There's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays it self. Adieu!

Wor. Farewell, thou best of Women. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Amanda, meeting Berinthia.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A Friend of yours.

Amand. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Amand. I can spare him nothing but my Friendship; my Love already's all dispos'd of. Tho' I confess, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

Ber. Why there's the Mystery: You have been so bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond Wives do by their Husbands; as Barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs; Cram 'em with sweet-Meats 'till they spoil their Stomachs.

Amand. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last Reconciliation, you wou'd have thought it were impossible, he ever shou'd have breath'd an Hour without me.

Ber. Ay, but there you thought wrong again, *Amanda*; you shou'd consider, that in matters of Love, Mens Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true; but they have soon din'd.

Amand. Well; there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me more, than Mens Inconstancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are compos'd of. For Nature has made them Children, and us Babies. Now, *Amanda*, how we us'd our Babies, you may remember. We were mad to have 'em, as soon as we saw 'em; kist 'em to pieces, as soon as we got 'em. Then pull'd off their Cloaths, saw 'em naked, and so threw 'em away.

Amand. But do you think all Men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one.

Amand. Who is that?

Ber. Worthy.

Amand. Why, he's weary of his Wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no proof.

Amand. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his Mistress.

Amand. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my Gallant; not if he were yours.

Amand. Why do you think he shou'd be more Constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by favour; he likes you best.

Amand. Suppose he does? That's no demonstration he wou'd be Constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: But there are other Reasons to expect it: For you must know after all, *Amanda*, the Inconstancy we commonly see in Men of Brains, does not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their Temper, as from the Misfortunes of their Love. A Man sees perhaps a hundred Women he likes well enough for an Intrigue, and away. But possibly, through the whole Course of his Life, does not find above one, who

is exactly what he could wish her; now her, 'tis a thousand to one, he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all, (tho' that seldom happens you'll say) or he wants those opportunities that are necessary to gain her. Either she likes some body else much better than him, or uses him like a Dog, because he likes no body so well as her: Still something or other Fate claps in the way between them and the Woman they are capable of being fond of: And this makes them wander about, from Mistress to Mistress, like a Pilgrim from Town to Town, who every Night must have a fresh Lodging, and's in haste to be gone in the Morning.

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say, but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the Woman in the World, the most to his Humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. Loveless does so.

Ber. What does Mr. Loveless do?

Aman. Why? He runs after something for Variety, I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, Madam.

Aman. No, I am sure on't: I am not very vain, *Berinthia*, and yet I'd lay my Life, if I could look into his Heart, he thinks I deserve to be preferred to a Thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither, a Million to one, but she has the same Opinion of you. What would you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, dirty Trull; tho' I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my Jealousie.

Ber. All the Men of Sense about Town say she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any People.

Ber. Then I'll give you further Proof—All the Women about Town say, she's a Fool: Now I hope you're convinc'd?

Aman. What'er she be, I'm satisfy'd he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more, than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward Gallantry!—*[Aside.]* I can't bear this. *[To Aman.]* Don't you think she's a Woman to be fobb'd off so? Come, I'm too much your Friend, to suffer you should be thus grossly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deserve the least part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater Value upon it. Therefore in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an Hour, somewhere about that *Babylon* of Wickedness, *Whitehall*. And if you'll give me your word, that you'll be content with seeing her Mask'd in his Hand, without pulling her Head-cloaths off, I'll step immediately to the Person, from whom I have my Intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see 'em meet. My Friend and I'll watch 'em from another place, and dodge 'em to their private Lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, lest you do it awkwardly, and spoil all. I'll come home to you again, as soon as I have earth'd 'em, and give you an account, in what Corner of the House, the Scene of their Lewdness lies.

Aman. If you can do this, *Berinthia*, He's a Villain.

Ber. I can't help that, Men will be for

Aman. Well, I'll follow your directions; for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get your self ready then. Put on some of your Woman's Cloaths, a great Scarf and a Mask, and you shall presently receive Orders. [*Calls within.*] Here, who's there? get me a Chair quickly.

Serv. There are Chairs at the Door, Madam.

Ber. This well, I'm coming.

Aman. But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward, (as I suppose she will) to come to the Rendezvous first; for methinks I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she's about my height; and very well shap'd.

Aman. I thought she had been a little crooked?

Ber. O no, she's as strait as I am. But we lose time, come away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Young Fashion, meeting Lory.

T. Fash. Well, will the Doctor come?

Lo. Sir, I sent a Porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a Pipe of Tobacco and a great Tankard of Ale, which he said he would dispatch while I could tell three, and be here.

T. Fash. He does not suspect 'twas I that sent for him?

Lo. Not a jot, Sir; he Divines as little for himself, as he does for other Folks.

T. Fash. Will he bring Bluffs with him?

Lo. Yes.

T. Fash. That's well; where's Coupler?

Lo. He's half way up the Scars taking Breath; he must play his Bellows a little, before he can get to the top.

Enter Coupler.

T. Fash. O here he is. Well, Old Phytick, the Doctor's coming.

Coup. Would the pox had the Doctor—I'm quite out of Wind.

To Lo. Set me a Chair, Sirrah. Ah——*sits down.* [*To T. Fash.* Why the Plague, can't not thou lodge upon the ground Floor?

T. Fash. Because I love to lye as near Heaven as I can.

Coup. Prithee let Heaven alone; ne'er affect tending that way: Thy Center's downwards.

T. Fash. That's impossible. I have too much Ill Luck in this World, to be damn'd in the next.

Coup. Thou art out in thy Logick. Thy major is true, but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest Fellow in the Universe.

T. Fash. Make out that.

Coup. I'll do't: Last Night the Devil ran away with the Parson of Fatgoose Living.

T. Fash. If he had run away with the Parish too, what's that to me?

Coup. I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This Living is worth five hundred pound.

pound a Year, and the Presentation of it is things, if their canst prove thy self a lawful Husband to Miss *Moyden*.

T. Fash. Sayst thou so, my Protector? Then I Oad I shall have a Brace of Evidences here presently.

T. Fash. The same: The Devil himself won't have interest enough to make 'em withstand it.

Coup. That we shall see presently: Here they come.

Enter Nurse and Chaplain: They start back, seeing Young Fashion.

Nurse. Ah goodness, Roger, we are betray'd.

T. Fash. *laying bold on 'em.* Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the matter; for I have you safe. Come, to your Tryals immediately: I have no time to give you Copies of your Indictment. There sits your Judge.

Both kneeling. Pray, Sir, have Compassion on us.

Nurse. I hope, Sir, my Years will move your pity, I am an aged Woman.

Coup. That is a moving Argument indeed.

Coup. to Bull. Are not you a Rogue of Sanctity?

Bull. Sir, (with respect to my Function) I do wear a Gown.

Bull. I hope, Sir, my Character will be considered as an Heav'n's Ambassadors.

Coup. Did not you Marry this vigorous young Fellow, to a plump young Buxom Wench?

N. to B. Don't confess, Roger, unless you are hard put to it indeed.

Coup. Come, out with it. Now is he chewing the Oad of his Roguery, and grinding a Lye between his Teeth.

Bull. Sir, I cannot positively say. I say, Sir, positively I cannot say.

Coup. Come, no Equivocations; no Roman Turns upon us. Consider thou standest upon Protestant ground, which will slip from under thee, like a Tyburn Cart; for in this Country, we have always ten Hangmen for one Jesuit.

B. to T. Fash. Pray, Sir, then will you but permit me to speak one word in private with Nurse.

T. Fash. Thou art always for doing something in private with Nurse.

Coup. But pray let his Betters be serv'd before him for once. I would do something in private with her my self: *Lory*, take care of this Reverend Gown-man in the next Room a little. Retire Priest. *[Exit Lo. with Bull.]*

Now, Virgin, I must put the matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be possible to make you speak truth?

Nurse. Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean by Truth.

Coup. Nay, 'tis possible thou may'st be a Stranger to it.

T. Fash. Come, Nurse, you and I were better Friends when we saw one another last; and I still believe, you are a very good Woman in the Bottom. I did deceive you and your young Lady, 'tis true, but I always design'd to make a very good Husband to her, and to be a very good Friend to you. And 'tis possible in the end, she might have found her self happier, and you richer, than ever my Brother will make you.

Nurse. Brother! Why is your Worship then his Lordship's Brother?

T. Fash. I am, which you should have known, if I durst have staid to have told you; but I was forc'd to take Horse a little in haste you know.

Nurse. You were indeed, Sir, poor young Man, how he was bound to scarce for't. Now won't your Worship be angry, if I confess the truth to you, when I found you were a Cheat (with respect be it spoken) I verily believ'd, Miss had got some pitiful Skip-jack Varlet or other to her Husband; or I had ne'er let her think of Marrying again.

Coup. But where was your Conscience all this while, Woman? Did not that stain in your Face, with huge Saucer Eyes, and a great Horn upon the Fore-head? Did not you think you shou'd be damn'd for such a sin? Ha?

T. Fash. Well said, Divinity, pass that home upon her.

Nurse. Why, in good truly Sir, I had some fearful thoughts on't, and cou'd never be brought to consent, till Mr. Bull said it was a Peckadilla, and he'd secure my Soul for a Tythe Pigg.

T. Fash. There was a Rogue for you.

Coup. And he shall thrive accordingly: He shall have a good Living. Come, honest *Nurse*, I see you have Butter in your Compound, you can melt. Some compassion you can have of this handsome young Fellow.

Nurse. I have indeed, Sir.

T. Fash. Why then I'll tell you, what you shall do for me. You know what a warrn Living here is fallen, and that it must be in the disposal of him, who has the disposal of *Miss*. Now if you and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll present him to it, upon Condition he makes you his Bride.

Nurse. Naw the Blessing of the Lord follow your good Worship both by Night and by Day. Let him be fetch'd in by the Ears, I'll soon bring his Nose to the Grind-stone.

C. aside.] Well said old White-leather. Hey; bring in the Prisoner there.

Enter Lory with Bull.

Coup. Come, advance holy Man: Here's your Duck does not think fit to retire with you into the Chancel at this time: But she has a Proposal make to you, in the Face of the Congregation. Come, *Nurse*, speak for your self; you are of Age.

Nurse. Roger, are not you a wicked Man, Roger, to set your strength against a weak Woman, and perswade her it was no sin to conceal *Miss*'s Nuptials? My Conscience flies in my Face for it, thou Priest of *Baal*; and I find by woful experience, thy Absolution is not worth an old Cat sock. Therefore I am resolv'd to Confess the Truth to the whole World, tho' I die a Beggar for it. But his Worship overflows with his Mercy and his Bounty; He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our sins, but designs thou sha't squat thee down in *Fat-goose* Living, and which is more than all, has prevail'd with me to become the Wife thy Bosom.

T. Fash. All this I intend for you, Doctor. What you are to do for me; I need not tell you.

Bull.

Bull. Your Worship's Goodness is unspeakable: Yet there is one thing seems a point of Conscience: And Conscience is a tender Babe. If I should bind my self, for the sake of this Living, to Marry Nurse, and maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a kind of Symony.

Comp. rising up. If it were Sacrilege, the Living's worth it: Therefore no more words, good Doctor. But with the [*giving Nurse to him*] Parish—here—take the Parsonage House. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of Repair, some Delapidations there are to be made good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot is warpt, the Ceilings are peel'd, and the Walls are crack'd; but a little Glazing, Painting, Whitewash and Playster, will make it last thy time.

Bull. Well, Sir, if it must be so, I stan't contend: What Providence orders, I submit to.

Nurse. And so do I, with all Humility.

Comp. Why, that now was spoke like good people: come, my Turtle Doves, let us go help this poor Pidgeon to his Wandring Mate again; and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a Cooing together.

Enter Amanda in a Scarf, &c. as just return'd, her Woman following her.

Aman. Prithce what care I who has been here.

Wom. Madam, 'twas my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

Amand. My Lady Fiddle, and my Lady Faddle. What do'st stand troubling me with the Visits of a parcel of impertinent Women; when they are well fear'd with the Small Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces—There are more Coquets about this Town.

Wom. Madam, I suppose they only came to return your Ladyship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

Amand. Wou'd the World were on Fire, and you in the Middle on't. Be gone; leave me.

[*Exit Woman.*]

Amanda sola.

At last I am convinc'd. My Eyes are Testimonies of his Falshood.

The base, ungrateful, perjur'd Villain—

Good Gods!—What slippery stuff are Men compos'd of?

Sure, the Account of their Creation's false,

And 'twas the Woman's Rib that they were form'd of;

But why am I thus angry?

This poor Relapse shou'd only move my scorn.

'Tis true: The roving Flights of his unfinished Youth,

Had strong Excuse, from the Plea of Nature;

Reason had thrown the Reins loose on his Neck,

And slipt him to unlimited Desire.

If therefore he went wrong,

He had a Claim to my forgiveness, and I did him right.

But since the Years of Manhood Rein him in,

And Reason, well digested into Thought,

Has pointed out the Course he ought to run;

If now he strays,

'Twould

'Twould be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,
As it has been in him to offend.

But hold :

'Tis an ill Cause indeed, where nothing's to be said for't.

My Beauty possibly is in the Wain,

Perhaps Sixteen has greater Charms for him :

Yes, there's the Secret : But let him know,

My Quiver's not entirely empty'd yet,

I still have Darts, and I can shoot 'em too ;

They're not so blunt, but they can enter still,

The Want's not in my Power, but in my Will.

Virtue's his Friend, or, through another's Heart,

I yet could find the way, to make his smart. [*Going off, she meets Worthy.*]

Ha ! he here ? Protect me Heaven, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You seem disorder'd, Madam ; I hope there's no Misfortune happen'd to you ?

Amand. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whatever it be disturbs you, I wou'd to Heaven were in my Power to bear the Pain, till I were able to remove the Cause.

Aman. I hope e'er long it will remove it self. At least, I have given it warning to be gone.

Wor. Wou'd I durst ask, where 'tis the Thorn torments you ?

Forgive me, if I grow Inquisitive.

'Tis only with Desire to give you ease.

Aman. Alas ! 'tis in a tender part. It can't be drawn without a world of Pain : Yet out it must ; for it begins to fester in my Heart.

Wor. If 'tis the Sting of Unrequited Love, remove it instantly :

I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

Amand. You'll find the undertaking difficult :

The Surgeon, who already has attempted it,

Has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler Hand.

—If you will give me leave.

Amand. How soft soe'er the Hand may be,

There still is Terror in the Operation.

Wor. Some few Preparatives wou'd make it easie, cou'd I persuade you to apply 'em. Make home Reflections, Madam, on your slighted Love : Weigh well the Strength and Beauty of your Charms : Rouze up that Spirit Women ought to bear, and slight your God, if he neglects his Angel. With Arms of Ice receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire for those who come in Flames. Behold a burning Lover at your Feet, his Fever raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants ! See how he glows, how he consumes ! Extend the Arms of Mercy to his Aid ; his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho' his Merit cannot claim your Love.

Aman. Of all my feeble Sex, sure I must be the weakest, shou'd I again presume to thir'k on Love.

Sighing——

Sighing.—Alas! my Heart has been to roughly treated.

Wor. 'Twill find the greater Bliss in softer Usage.

Aman. But where's that Usage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful Breast; which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your Eyes, lay all its Secrets open to your view; and then, you'll see 'twas found.

Aman. With just such honest words as these, the worst of Men deceiv'd me.

Wor. He therefore merits all Revenge can do; his fault is such, the extent and stretch of Vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your Instrument of Justice; you'll find me execute it with such Zeal, as shall convince you, I abhor the Crime.

Aman. The Rigour of an Executioner, has more the Face of Cruelty, than Justice: And he who puts the Cord about the Wretches Neck, is seldom known to exceed him in his Morals.

Wor. What Proof then can I give you of my Truth?

Aman. There is on Earth but one.

Wor. And is that in my Power?

Aman. It is: And one that wou'd so thoroughly convince me, I shou'd be apt to rate your Heart so high, I possibly might purchas't with a part of mine.

Wor. Then Heav'n thou art my Friend; and I am blest, for if 'tis in my Power, my Will I'm sure will reach it. No matter what the Terms may be, when such a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof must be! What is it will convince you of my Love?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if, from this moment, you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant. You pause upon it, Sir— I doubt, on such hard Terms, a Woman's Heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A Heart like yours, on any terms is worth it; 'Twas not on that I paus'd: But I was thinking, [drawing nearer to her] whether some things there may not be, which Women cannot grant without a blush, and yet which Men may take without offence. [Taking her Hand] Your Hand, I fancy, may be of the number: O pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, [kissing it eagerly] and thus devour it with my Kisses.

Aman. O Heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never whilst I have Strength to hold you here. [Forcing her to sit down on a Couch.] My Life, my Soul, my Goddess— O forgive me!

Aman. O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am lost!

Wor. Stand Neuter, Gods, this once I do invoke you.

Aman. Then save me, Virtue, and the Glory's thine.

Wor. Nay, never strive.

Aman. I will; and Conquer too. My Forces rally bravely to my Aid, [breaking from him] and thus I gain the Day.

Wor. Then mine as bravely double their Attack; [seizing her again] And thus I wrest it from you. Nay struggle not; for all's in vain. Or Death or Victory; I am determin'd.

Aman.

The RELAPSE; or,

Aman. And so am I, [*rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*offering again.*] For Heaven's sake——

Amand. [*going.*] Nay, then farewell.

Wor. [*kneeling and holding by her Cloaths.*] O stay; and see the Magick Force of Love: Behold this raging Lion at your Feet, struck dead with Fear, and tame as Charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Amand. Repent, and never more offend.

Wor. Repentance for past Crimes, is just and easie; but sin no more's a Task too hard for Mortals.

Amand. Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use their best endeavours to perform it.

Wor. Endeavours we may use, but Flesh and Blood are got in t'other Scale; and they are pondrous things.

Amand. Whate'er they are; there is a weight in Resolution sufficient for their Ballance. The Soul, I do confess, is usually so careless of its Charge, so soft, and so indulgent to desire, it leaves the Reins in the wild Hand of Nature, who like a *Phaeton*, drives the fiery Chariot; and sets the World on Flame. Yet still the Sovereignty is in the Mind, whene'er it pleases to exert its Force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while, to take such mighty pains for my Esteem, but that I leave to you.

You see the Price I set upon my Heart,

Perhaps 'tis dear: But, spight of all your Art,

You'll find on cheaper terms, we ne'er shall part. *Exit Amanda.*

Worthy, solus.

Sure there's Divinity about her; and th'as dispenc'd some portion on't to me. For what but now was the wild flame of Love, or (to dissect that specious term) the vile, the gross Desires of Flesh and Blood, is in a moment turn'd to Adoration. The Coarser Appetite of Nature's gone, and 'tis methinks the Food of Angels I require; how long this influence may last, Heaven knows. But in this moment of my purity, I cou'd on her own terms, accept her Heart. Yes, lovely Woman; I can accept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my Care. Your Charms are much increas'd, since thus adorn'd. When Truth's extorted from us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a graceful Habit.

Cou'd Women but our secret Councils scan,
Cou'd they but reach the deep Reserves of Man,
They'd wear it on, that that of Love might last;
For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.
Their Sympathy is such——
The Fate of one, the other scarce can fly;
They live together, and together dye.

[*Exit.*

Enter Miss and Nurse.

Miss. But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my Lords own Brother?

Nurse. As sure, as he's your Lawful Husband.

Miss. I Cod, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have

have kept him : for between you and I, *Nurse*, he'd have made a Husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you shou'd fancy most, *Nurse*?

Nurse. Why truly, in my poor Fancy, Madam, your first Husband is the prettier Gentleman.

Miss. I don't like my Lord's shapes, *Nurse*.

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a Body may say, he is but a Slam.

Miss. What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you Remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a Horse my Father call'd *Wasby*?

Nurse. As like as two Twin Brothers.

Miss. I Cod, I have thought so a hundred times; Faith I'm tir'd of him.

Nurse. Indeed, Madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first Bargain.

Miss. O but, *Nurse*, we han't consider'd the main thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I must leave my Lady too; and when I rattle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll only say, there goes Mistress——Mistress——Mistress what? What's this Man's Name, I have Married, *Nurse*?

Nurse. Squire *Fashion*.

Miss. Squire *Fashion* is it—— Well Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you think one cou'd not get him made a Knight, *Nurse*?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, Madam, when the King's in a good Humour.

Miss. I Cod, that wou'd do rarely. For then he'd be as good a Man as my Father, you know?

Nurse. Birlady, and that's as good as the best of 'em.

Miss. So 'tis, Faith, for then I shall be my Lady, and your Ladyship at every word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, *Nurse*, but hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my Husband again, I shan't have so much Money to throw about, *Nurse*?

Nurse. O, enough's as good as a Feast: Besides, Madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your share with the Younger Brother as with the Elder. For tho' these Lords have a power of Wealth indeed; yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their Sluts and their Trulls, who joggle it about in their Coaches, with a Murrain to 'em, whilst poor Madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare half Crown, to buy her a Practice of Piety.

Miss. O, but for that, don't deceive your self, *Nurse*. For this I must [snapping her Fingers] say for my Lord, and a—— for him. He's as free as an open Houle at Christmas. For this very Morning, he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a Year to buy Pins. Now, *Nurse*, if he gives me two hundred a Year to buy Pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine Petticoats?

Nurse. A, my dearest, he deceives thee faully, and he's no better than a Rogue for his pains. These *Londoners* have got a Gibberidge with 'em, wou'd confound a Gypsey. That which they call Pin-mony, is to buy their Wives every thing in the varsal World, drawn to their very Shoe-tyes:

Nay, I have heard Folks say, That some Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call 'um, are forc't to find them out of their Pin-mony too.

Miss. Has he serv'd me so, say ye?—— Then I'll be his Wife no longer, so that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folk at's heels. I Cod, Nurse, these *London* Ladies will laugh 'till they crack again, to see me slip my Collar, and run away from my Husband. But d'ye hear? Pray take care of one thing: When the business comes to break out, be sure you get between me and my Father, for you know his tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, Madam.

Enter Lord Foppington, Loveless, Worthy, Amanda, and Berinthia.

L. Fop. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome. [*To Love.*] *Loveless*—— That's my Wife; prithee do me the favour to salute her: and do'st hear, [*aside to him*] if thou hast a mind to try thy Fortune, to be reveng'd of me, I won't take it ill, slap my Vitals.

Lov. You need not fear, Sir, I'm too fond of my own Wife, to have the least Inclination to yours. [*All salute Miss.*

L. F. aside.] I'd give you a Thousand Pound he wou'd make Love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, tho' his own Wife has not, [*viewing him*—— He's a very beastly Fellow in my Opinion.

Miss. aside.] What a power of fine Men there are in this *London*? He that kist me first, is a goodly Gentleman, I promise you: Sure those Wives have a rare time on't, that live here always?

Enter Sir Tun. with Musicians, Dancers, &c.

Sir Tun. Come, come in, good People, come in, come tune your Fiddles, tune your Fiddles.

To the Hautboys.] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come strike up. [*Sings.*

For this is Hoyden's Wedding-day,

And therefore we keep Holy-day,

And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my Wench, I Faith: Touch and take, I'll warrant her: Shee'll breed like a tame Rabbet.

M. aside.] I Cod, I think my Father's gotten drunk before Supper.

Sir T. to L. and W. Gentlemen, you are welcome. [*saluting A. and B.*] Ladies by your leave. Ha—— They bill like Turtles. Uddfookers, they set my old Blood a-fire; I shall Cuckold some body before Morning.

L. Fop. to Sir Tun. Sir, you being Master of the Entertainment; will you desire the Company to sit?

Sir Tun. Oons, Sir—— I'm the happiest Man one this side the *Ganges*.

L. Fop. aside.] This is a mighty unaccountable old Fellow. [*To Sir T.*] I said, Sir, it would be convenient to ask the Company to sit.

Sir Tun. Sit—— With all my heart: Come, take your places, Ladies, take your places, Gentlemen: come sit down, sit down; a pox of Ceremony, take your places. [*They sit, and the Mask begins.*

Virtue in Danger.

69

Dialogue between Cupid and Hymen.

Cupid.

1.

*Thou Bane to my Empire, thou Spring of Contest,
Thou source of all Discord, thou period to rest;
Instruct me, what Wretches in Bondage can see,
That the aim of their Life, is still pointed to thee.*

Hymen.

2.

*Instruct me, thou little impertinent God,
From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode,
To grow fond of a Change, to whatever it be,
And I'll tell thee why those would be bound, who are free?*

Chorus.

*For change, we are for change, to whatever it be,
We are neither contented with Freedom, nor Thee.*

Constancy's an empty sound,

Heaven and Earth, and all go round,

All the Works of Nature move,

And the Joys of Life and Love

Are in Variety.

Cupid.

3.

*Were Love the Reward of a pains-taking Life,
Had a Husband the art to be fond of his Wife,
Were Virtue so plenty, a Wife cou'd afford,
These very hard times, to be true to her Lord,
Some specious account might be given of those,
Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the Nose.*

4.

*But since 'tis the Fate, of a Man and his Wife
To consume all their Days in Contention and Strife:
Since whatever the Bounty of Heaven may Create her,
He's morally sure, he shall heartily hate her,
I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,
And the volleys of Love on the Herd to discharge.*

Hymen.

5.

*Some colour of Reason thy Council might bear,
Cou'd a Man have no more, than his Wife to his share:
Or were I a Monarch, so cruelly just,
To oblige a poor Wife to be true to her Trust;
But I have not pretended, for many Years past,
By marrying of people, to make 'em grow Chast.*

6.

*I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
Thou'lt find I'm the strength and support of thy Throne;
For hadst thou but Eyes, thou wou'dst quickly perceive it,
How smoothly the Dart
Slips into the Heart*

Of a Woman that's Wed,
Whilst the shivering Maid,
Stands trembling and wishing, but dare not receive it.

Chorus.

For Change, &c.

The Mask ended, enter Y. Fashion, Coupler, and Bull.

Sir Tun. So, very fine, very fine I faith, this is something like a Wedding; now if Supper were but ready, I'd say a short Grace; and if I had such a Bedfellow as *Hoyden* to Night—I'd say as short Prayers.

Seeing Y. Fash. How now—what have we got here? a Ghost? Nay it must be so, for his Flesh and Blood could never have dur'd to appear before me. To him.] Ah Rogue—

L. Fop. Stap my Vitals, Tam again.

Sir Tun. My Lord; will you cut his Throat? or shall I?

L. Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you please. Prithee Tam be so ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Business is here?

T. Fash. 'Tis with your Bride.

L. Fop. Thau art the impudentst Fellow that Nature has yet spawn'd into the World, strike me speechless.

T. Fash. Why you know my Modesty wou'd have strav'd me, I sent it a begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

L. Fop. And dost thou expect by an excess of assurance, to extort a maintenance fram me?

T. Fash. taking Miss by the hand.] I do intend to extort your Mistress from you, and that I hope will prove one.

L. Fop. I ever thought *Newgate* or *Bedlam* wou'd be his Fortune, and naw his Fate's decided. Prithee *Loveless* dost know of ever a Mad Docter hard by?

T. Fash. There's one at your Elbow will cure you presently.

To *Bull.* Prithee Doctor take him in hand quickly.

L. Fop. Shall I beg the favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand.

T. Fash. His Wife! Look you there; now I hope you are all satisfy'd he's mad.

L. Fop. Naw is it nat passible far me to penetrate what species of folly it is thau art driving at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his Brains, and that will decide all.

L. Fop. No, pray Sir hold, we'll destray him presently according to Law.

T. Fash. to Bull.] Nay, then advance Doctor; come, you are a Man of Conscience, answer boldly to the Questions I shall ask; Did not you Marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there saw her face?

Bull. Since the Truth must out, I did.

T. Fash. Nurse, sweet Nurse, were not you a Witness to it?

Nurse. Since my Conscience bids me speak—I was.

T. Fash.

T. Fash. to *Mifs.*] Madam, am not I your Lawful Husband?
Mifs. Truly I can't tell, but you Married me first.

T. Fash. Now I hope you are all satisfy'd?

[*Sir Tun.* offering to strike him, is held by *Lov.* and *Wor.*

Oons and Thunder, you Lie.

L. Fop. Pray Sir be calm, the Battel is in disorder, but requires more Conduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray Dactar one word with you.

[*To Bull aside.*] Look you, Sir, tho' I will not presume to Calculate your Notions of Damnation, fram the description you give us of Hell, yet since there is at least a possibility, you may have a Pitchfork thrust in your backside, methinks it shou'd not be worth your while to risque your Soul in the next World, for the sake of a begg'dy, younger Brother, who is not able to make your Bady happy in this.

Bull. Alas! my Lord, I have no Worldly Ends, I speak the truth, Heaven knows.

L. Fop. Nay Prithee never engage Heaven in the Matter, for by all I can see, 'tis like to prove a business for the Devil.

T. Fash. Come, pray Sir, all above-board, no corrupting of Evidences, if you please, this young Lady is my Lawful Wife, and I'll justify it in all the Courts of England, so your Lordship (who always had a passion for variety) may go seek a new Mistress if you think fit.

L. Fop. I am struck dumb with his impudence, and cannot passively tell whether ever I shall speak again or nat.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the business a little, I'll jerk the truth out of 'em presently; here, give me my Dog-whip.

T. Fash. Look you, Old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a noise, if you grow mutinous, I have some Friends within call, have Swords by their sides, above four foot long, therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, pass Sentence according to Law; here's honest *Coupler* shall be Foreman, and ask as many questions as he pleases.

Coupl. All I have to ask is, whether Nurse persists in her Evidence? the Parson I dare swear will never flinch from his.

Nurse to *Sir Tun kneeling.*] I hope in Heaven your Worship will pardon me, I have serv'd you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was overreach'd, your Worship however was deceiv'd as well as I, and if the Wedding Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to Bed with him with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurse. Alas! if your Worship had seen how the poor thing beg'd and pray'd, and clung and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd say, I who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nurs'd it both wet and dry, must have had a Heart of Adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

T. Fash. Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

Coupl. Ladies, and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

All. A clear Case, a clear Case.

Coup. Then my young Folks, I wish you joy.

Sir Tun. to T. Fash.] Come hither Stripling, if it be true then that thou hast Marry'd my Daughter, prithee tell me who thou art?

T. Fash. Sir, the best of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-Law; and the worst of it is, I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer—— Why then that Noble Peer, and thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Priest—— may all go and be damn'd together. [Exit Sir Tun.]

L. Fop. aside.] Now for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a serene Countenance, for a Philosophical Air is the best becoming thing in the World to the Face of a Person of Quality; I will therefore bear my Disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an Affront.

To T. Fash.] Dear Tam, since Things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee Jay, I do it *de bon Cœur*, strike me dumb; you have marry'd a Woman Beautiful in her Person, Charming in her Ayres, Prudent in her Conduct, Constant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Marality, split my Wind-pipe.

T. Fash. Your Lordship may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace if you please, I shall support mine with this Lady, and two Thousand Pound a year.

Taking Miss.] Come, Madam.

We once again you see are Man and Wife,
And now perhaps the Bargain's struck for Life;
If I mistake, and we shoud part again,
At least you see you may have choice of Men:
Nay, shoud the War at length such Havock make,
That Lovers shoud grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind Heaven always will preserve a Beau,

Painting to L. Fop.] You'll find his Lordship ready to come to.

L. Fop. Her Ladyship shall stap my Vitals if I do.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lord Foppington.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

These People have regal'd you here to day

(In my Opinion) with a saucy Play;

In which the Author does presume to shew,

That Coxcomb, ab Origine——was Beau.

Truly I think the thing of so much weight,

That if some smart Chastisement ben't his Fate,

Gads Curse it may in time destroy the State.

I hold no one its Friend, I must confess,

Who would discauntenance your Men of Dress.

Far give me leave t'abserve, good Cloaths are Things,

Have ever been of great support to Kings;

All Treasons come fram Slovens, it is not

Within the reach of gentle Beaux to Plat.

They have no Gaul, no Spleen, no Teeth, no Stings,

Of all Gad's Creatures the most harmless things.

Through all Record, no Prince was ever slain,

By one who had a Feather in his Brain.

They're Men of too refin'd an Education,

To squabble with a Court——for a vile dirty Nation.

I'm very positive, you never saw

A thorough Republican a finish Beau.

Nor truly shall you very often see

A Jacobite much better dress'd than he;

In short, through all the Courts that I have been in,

Your Men of mischief——still are in fault Linnen.

Did ever one yet dance the Tyburn Figg,

With a free Air, or a well powder'd Wigg?

Did ever Highway-man yet bid you stand,

With a sweet bawdy Snuff-box in his hand,

Ar do you ever find they ask your Purse

As men of breeding do?——Ladies Gads Curse,

This Author is a Dagg, and'tis not fit

You shou'd allow him ev'n one grain of Wit.

To which, that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,

My humble motion is——he may be dam'd.

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